★ June 16, 1945

THE NEW YORKER

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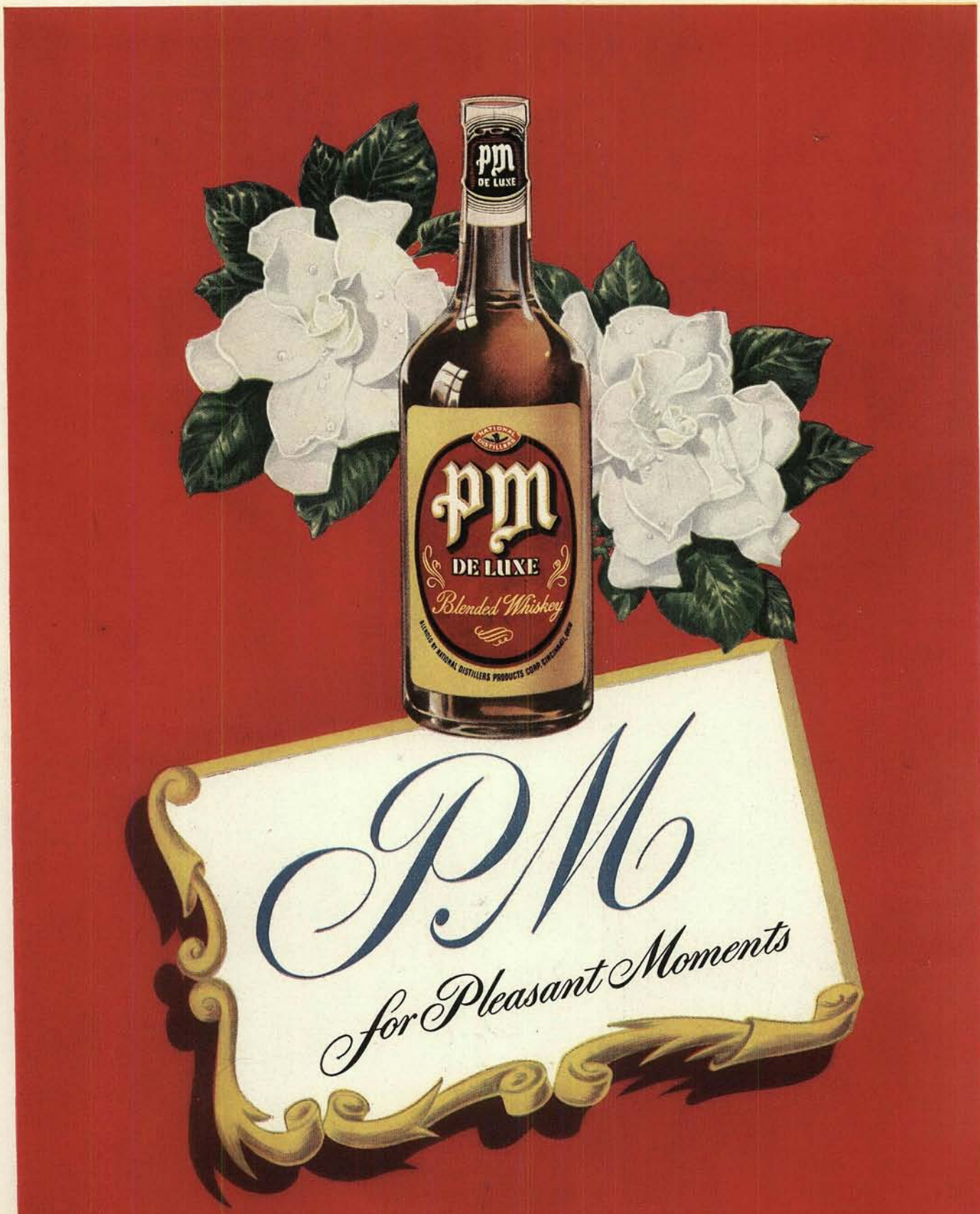

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Anna Lucasta—Philip Yordan's very impressive play about a Negro prostitute is certainly something you shouldn't miss. Hilda Simms is in the cast and Harry Wagstaff Gribble is the director. (Mansfield, 47, W. CI 6-9056. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

A Bell for Adano—John Hersey's novel about the A.M.G. in Italy made into a play that might be a little better without its somewhat patronizing air. Fredric March makes up for a lot, however, with the best performance he ever gave. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Dark of the Moon—Rather nice musical fantasy about a mortal girl who gets tangled up with a witch boy. Carol Stone and Richard Hart have these singular parts. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Dear Ruth—One of those overpowering little girls writes letters to a soldier and gets her elder sister in quite a fix. Routine, but amusing. Virginia Gilmore heads the cast. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40).

Foxhole in the Parlor—Montgomery Clift as a soldier whose horror of war has temporarily unbalanced his mind. Unfortunately, Elsa Shelley's treatment isn't quite up to her theme. With Russell Hardie, Flora Campbell, and Grace Coppin. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Moves on Mon., June 18, to the Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Glass Menagerie—Laurette Taylor magnificent as a matron who just wants to get her daughter married. Julie Haydon, Eddie Dowling, and Anthony Ross are also in Tennessee Williams' uneven but generally very effective play. Winner of the Drama Critics' Award. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-3565. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Harvey—Odd as it certainly sounds, this fantasy about a cheerful drunk and an invisible rabbit is a delight from beginning to end. Frank Fay's performance in the leading rôle is a masterpiece of restrained humor. With Josephine Hull. Winner of the Pulitzer Prize. (48th Street, 48, E. BR 9-4566. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Hasty Heart—A beautiful nurse (Anne Burr) and some sympathetic comrades humanize a crusty Scot practically on his deathbed. As written by John Patrick (and played by Richard Basehart), he doesn't seem quite worth the bother. (Hudson, 44, E. BR 9-5641. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

I Remember Mama—The saga of a Norwegian family in San Francisco, brilliantly adapted by John van Druten from the Kathryn Forbes novel. Mady Christians, as Mama, and Oscar Homolka, as a sporty relative, are both splendid. Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II are the producers. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:35.)

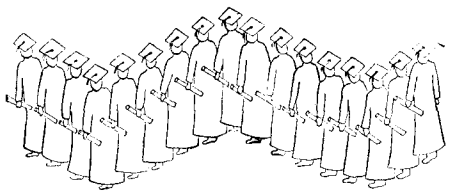
Kiss and Tell—Typical George Abbott piece about a couple of adolescents who pretend they're going to have a baby. The pleasant, competent cast is headed by Jessie Royce Landis. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Kiss Them for Me—This stage version of "Shore Leave," about three aviators who couldn't quite adapt themselves to civilian life, starts out very well but trails away badly somewhere in the middle. With Richard Widmark, Dennis King, Jr., and Richard Davis. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Late George Apley—An adaptation of the Marquand novel that may have been broadened and simplified a little too much but is still a very fine show. Leo G. Carroll in the title rôle is more Bostonian than Lucius Beebe. The cast, directed by George S. Kaufman, includes Janet Beecher, Percy Waram, and Margaret Dale. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Life with Father—This agreeable comedy, based on Clarence Day's rich and affectionate biography of his family, is in its sixth year. Wallis Clark and Lily Cahill play Father and Mother. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Overtons—Familiar piece about one of those marriages that are always threatening to break up but somehow never do. With Glenda Farrell and Arlene Francis (to be replaced by June Knight and Judith Evelyn on Sun., June 17), Jack Whiting, and Walter N. Greaza. (Forrest, 49, W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, JUNE 14, THROUGH SATURDAY, JUNE 23.

Ten Little Indians—In Agatha Christie's book everybody got killed, but in the play there are two survivors. Not terribly exciting, but still well above the general level of mystery shows. Among the doomed are Estelle Winwood and Halliwell Hobbes. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Voice of the Turtle—An expert comedy by John van Druten, with a small, expert cast consisting of Betty Field, Elliott Nugent, and Audrey Christie. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:35.)

WITH MUSIC

Bloomer Girl—A great big musical about a feminist uprising in the 1860's. The book and the music are nothing you'd be likely to remember, but the sets and costumes and Agnes de Mille's ballets are very fetching. The cast includes Joan McCracken, Nanette Fabray, and Mabel Taliaferro. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Carousel—Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II have transplanted "Liliom" to New England and set it to music with very agreeable results. Agnes de Mille arranged the dances, Jo Mielziner designed the sets, and Rouben Mamoulian is the director. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Concert Varieties—Billy Rose's attempt to uplift vaudeville is handicapped by a little too much intricate dancing but it is satisfactory enough on the whole. The acts, introduced by Deems Taylor, include the Katherine Dunham Dancers, Rosario and Antonio, Zero Mostel, and Imogene Coca. (Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54. CI 5-5200. Nightly at 8:30. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 3.)

Follow the Girls—Gertrude Niesen demonstrating how to put over a song in a piece about sailors and girls. Nice, if rudimentary, entertainment. The cast also includes Jackie Gleason, and Guy Bolton and Eddie Davis wrote the book. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Hollywood Pinafore—George S. Kaufman has fixed Sir Arthur Sullivan up with a new book and lyrics, but many are likely to prefer the originals. William Gaxton, Victor Moore, and Shirley Booth are prominently displayed. (Alvin, 52, W. CI 5-6868. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Laffing Room Only!—This is the third Olsen and Johnson exhibit, and the boys seem to be running out of ideas, not to mention taste. With Frank Libuse. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:30.)

Memphis Bound—A fine burlesque of "Pinafore" is the high point of this Negro musical, but it is all very fast and cheerful. Bill Robinson, miraculously agile at sixty-seven, heads a cast that includes Avon Long, Sheila Guys, Billy Daniels, and the Delta Rhythm Boys. (Belasco, 44, E. BR 9-2067. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:30.)

Oklahoma!—Splendid musical version of "Green Grow the Lilacs," contrived by Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II and presented by the Theatre Guild. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

On the Town—A lot of attractive, lively youngsters, including Nancy Walker and Sono Osato, in a fine musical, mainly about three sailors and their girls. (44th Street, 44, W. LA 4-4337. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Song of Norway—The life of Grieg, as set to arrangements of some of his own music. Good-looking and pleasant to listen to, but the book is moderately foolish. With Irra Petina, Helena Bliss, Lawrence Brooks, and Robert Shafer. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Up in Central Park—Romberg songs, cheerful dances arranged by Helen Tamiris, and a lot of pretty scenery and costumes do a lot to redeem a fairly pedestrian book. Noah Beery impersonates Boss Tweed, and Maureen Cannon and Wilbur Evans take care of the romance. (Broadway, B'way at 53. CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30. Special performance Sun. Eve., June 17, at 8:30, for the Stage Relief Fund.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

Oh, Brother!—Hugh Herbert and Arleen Whelan in a farce by Jacques Deval. Directed by Bretaigne Windust and produced by Maximilian Becker and Peter Warren. Opens Tues., June 19. (Royale, 45, W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Wind Is Ninety—A play by Ralph Nelson, with a cast including Blanche Yurka, Bert Lytell, and Frances Reid. Directed by Albert DeCourville and produced by Mr. DeCourville and the Shuberts. Opens Thurs., June 21. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

MISCELLANY

Ice Show—"Hats Off to Ice," produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Sun. Eves. at 8:15; other Eves., except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

Dance Recitals—The New Dance Group, including the Dudley-Maslow-Bales Trio and Pearl Primus, in a series of programs: Thurs. through Sat. Eves., June 14-16, at 8:30, and (for children) Sat. Aft., June 16, at 2:30. (Times Hall, 240 W. 44. LA 4-1000, Ext. 362.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(Some places where you will find dance music, and/or other entertainment. Several of them are closed entirely or have fill-in performers on Sunday, Monday, or Tuesday, so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those evenings. Fifty-second Street, at the moment, is apt to be pot luck, for entertainers seem to come and go on ten minutes' notice.)

Ambassador Garden, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—Jules Lande's orchestra plays soothing dance music in this cool, subterranean cavern.

Biltmore Roof, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—This old favorite is open again, with Cardini (one of our more expert magicians), the dance team of Fred and Elaine Barry, and Henry Busse's orchestra.

Café Society Uptown, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223)—The practically impeccable Jimmy Savo and his frenzied pantomiming, and those sombre folk songs by Josh White. Dances by Beatrice Kraft, and music by Phil Moore's band.

Café Society Downtown, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737)

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For Centuries, choice Coffee and Culture have gone Hand in Hand

England in 1812 was indeed the "sceptered isle," a "demi-paradise." In spite of war, the arts flourished, inspired by such Royal Academicians as Sir Henry Raeburn, whose canvas has preserved for posterity the brunette beauty of Margaret Suttie, daughter of the 4th Baronet of Balgone. In fine homes such as the Baronet's Preston Grange were to be found furniture by Hepplewhite, and silver by such London craftsmen as John Robins. His exquisite coffeepot, below, bears these hall marks and proves that then, as now, fine coffee was the hall mark of hospitality in fine homes.

Today, coffeepots by John Robins are hall marks of hospitality in cultured American homes. But today, Mrs. George Hamlin Shaw, Vice-President of the Travelers Aid Society of New York, and Chairman of its Committee on Troops-in-Transit, pours coffee unequalled in Margaret Suttie's time . . . Yuban Coffee, that was once the private blend of America's greatest coffee merchant who, drawing from the world's sources of supply, created *this incomparable blend*. Renowned for its distinctive character, fine flavor, and rich aroma, Yuban has been known as "the guest coffee," for generations.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

—Imogene Coca making fun of almost anything, jazz piano by Cliff Jackson and Mary Lou Williams, songs by Ann Hathaway (who used to be Ann Solloway), and music by Edmond Hall's lively orchestra.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Where Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band supply the sound and the customers supply the scenery. Tea dancing Sat. and Sun.

Larue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—In this gilded palace, a peaceful dinner and sedate romping to the music of Eddie Davis's and Gil Murray's orchestras.

Monte Carlo, Madison at 54 (PL 5-3400)—Madison Avenue's largest and coolest all-weather tropics. Dick Gasparre's orchestra and a rumba band.

Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—Myrus, the ingenious mind-reader, a dance team, and Stanley Melba's agile orchestra are in the stately Cotillion Room. . . . Another Melba orchestra plays in the Café Pierre. Tea dancing daily.

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—Hildegarde, zooming across the Persian Room again in that power-dive fashion of hers, with Bob Grant's and Mark Monte's orchestras alternating on the stand.

St. Regis Roof, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—Just about as peaceful and pleasant as nighttime on a rooftop can be. Paul Sparr's orchestra for dancing.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—The atmosphere of the Café Lounge, large and dressy, is sweetened by the lush dance music of London's Roy Fox and his orchestra, plus Clemente's marimba band. Tea dancing daily.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—What to do with the children on Nurse's night off. Ernie Holst's orchestra and Noro Morales' rumba band are on hand at night.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—The Starlight Roof has a magician and some acrobats (you know the Waldorf); Nat Brandwynne's sonorous orchestra for dancing, plus Mischa Borr's band. . . . Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Lounge Restaurant.

Supper Clubs—Entertainment but no dancing—**Blue Angel**, 152 E. 55 (PL 3-0626): Eddie Mayehoff and his merry monologues, Mildred Bailey and her sultry songs, along with the cheerful music of the Herman Chittison trio and the Delta Rhythm Boys. . . . **Ruban Bleu**, 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): Monica Boyar singing Central America style, Thelma Carpenter singing Fifty-second Street style, backed up by the music of Cedric Wallace's trio and the piano playing of Garland Wilson, José Melis, and Julius Monk. . . . **Spivy's Roof**, 139 E. 57 (PL 3-9322): Carter and Bowie dispensing their special brand of piano duets, and now and then Spivy herself, singing about her special brand of world-weariness.

Miscellaneous—At the **Coq Rouge**, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): Dick Wilson's orchestra playing jauntily for dancing in a highly decorative setting. . . . **1-2-3 Club**, 123 E. 54 (PL 3-9131): Roger Stearns providing a muted piano obbligato for the young people's table talk; no dancing. . . . **Casino Russe**, 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): more for the côtelette à la Kiev than for the goings on in the floor show; Cornelius Codolban's orchestra. . . . **Versailles**, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310): a fairly standardized show, with Jerry Cooper and a collection of delectable show girls; Maxmillian Bergère's orchestra. . . . **El Chico**, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): semi-Spanish, with some strolling singers and a fine rumba band. . . . **Copacabana**, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1066): Russell Swann, the bright magician, being very untypical of the conventional Copacabana show, which at the moment includes Mitzi Green and the orchestras of Enric Madriguera and Joel Herron. . . . **Astor Roof**, B'way at 44 (CI 6-6000): Harry James and his orchestra on this large, cool rooftop, playing for what look very much like jitterbugs. . . . **Essex House**, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Stan Keller's orchestra. . . . **Lincoln**, 8 Ave. at 44 (CI 6-4500): Erskine Hawkins' orchestra. . . . **Madison**, 15 E. 58 (VO 5-5000): Oscar Day's orchestra. . . . **New Yorker Hotel**, 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Sonny Dunham's orchestra and an ice show. . . . **Pennsylvania**, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): George Paxton's orchestra. . . . **Roosevelt**, Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Eddie Stone's orchestra.

●

Mostly for Music—No dancing, unless otherwise indicated—At **Nick's**, 7 Ave. S. at 10 (CH 2-6683): Muggsy Spanier, Miff Mole, Pee Wee Russell, and their helpmeets scorching the midnight air. . . . **Village Vanguard**, 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): one of the town's best cellars, since it now has Art Hodes' trio, with Max Kaminsky as trumpet and Fred Moore as drummer; and Don Frye as solo pianist; the Lion and his Calypso songs; dancing. . . . **Onyx**, 57 W. 52 (EL 5-7835): the stertorous Hot Lips Page leading his new band, and Stuff Smith at work on his electric violin. . . . **Downbeat**, 66 W. 52 (EL 5-9511): Coleman Hawkins and his saxophone, Al Casey and his new trio, and (at unpredictable intervals) Billie Holiday; dancing. . . . **Jimmy Ryan's**, 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600): a hot trio in which you will find Danny Alvin and Hank Duncan; dancing. . . . **Three Deuces**, 72 W. 52 (EL 5-9861): Dizzy Gillespie, Don Byas, and Erroll Garner in a band of their own.

Al Fresco—The **Claremont Inn**, Riverside Dr. at 124: just for the fine view of the Hudson and dance music by Ron Perry's orchestra and a rumba band. . . . **Tavern-on-the-Green**, Central Pk. W. at 67: a small green jungle, pleasant for a summer dinner outdoors, with casual dance music now and then. . . . **Museum of Modern Art**, 11 W. 53: lunch and tea in the garden. . . . **Central Park Zoo**: the cafeteria there is crowded on weekends but nice in midweek for a late breakfast or an afternoon beer.

A few sidewalk cafés: **Brevoort**, 5 Ave. at 8; **Fifth Avenue Hotel**, 5 Ave. at 9; **Longchamps**, 5 Ave. at 12.

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, JUNE 14, THROUGH SATURDAY, JUNE 23.

ART

American—At the **American British Art Center**, 44 W. 56: a nineteenth-century show with Hassam, Inness, Hunt, Kensett, and twenty-some other artists. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., June 16. . . . **International Bldg.**, Rockefeller Center: the Encyclopædia Britannica collection of contemporary art. Weekdays 11 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.; through July 8. . . . **Milch**, 108 W. 57: artists of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. Daily 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Fri., June 15.

American Academy, B'way at 155—Painting and sculpture by Edward Hopper, Paul Manship, and others. Tues. through Sun., 2 to 5 P.M.; through June 29.

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The development of the water color in America, with emphasis on the work of Winslow Homer. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Sun., June 17.

Marc Chagall—Small drawings and water colors: Matisse, 41 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., June 23.

Walt Dehner—Water-color landscapes: Kraushaar, 32 E. 57. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Fri., June 22.

Arthur G. Dove—The artist's work from 1922 to the present: An American Place, 509 Madison, at 53. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 3 to 6 P.M.; through June 27.

Jacob Epstein—Six bronzes and, in a quick change of pace, water colors of flowers: American British Art Center, 44 W. 56. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., June 16.

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70—The pictures and other art treasures which have been hidden away for safekeeping since we entered the war are now back in the Museum. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.

Groups—At the **Durlacher**, 11 E. 57: old and modern paintings and drawings. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through July 31. . . . **Rehn**, 683 5 Ave., at 54: Edward Hopper, Reginald Marsh, and many others. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 1 P.M.; through Sat., June 23. . . . **Passedoit**, 121 E. 57: paintings and sculpture by B.J.O. Nordfeldt, José de Creeft, and others of this group. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 1 P.M.; through July 31. . . . **Macbeth**, 11 E. 57: oils and water colors by contemporary American artists. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through June 29. . . . **67 Gallery**, 67 E. 57: fourteen painters, centered about Hans Arp, in whose general style the gallery sees signs of a new "ism." Weekdays 11 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through June 30. . . . **Perls**, 32 E. 58: American, French, and Cuban paintings. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through June 29. . . . **Associated American Artists**, 711 5 Ave., at 55: work by artists who have had one-man shows at this gallery. Daily 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., June 16. . . . **Pinacotheca**, 20 W. 58: abstract, and a few non-abstract, paintings by Josef Albers, Karl Knaths, Adolph Gottlieb, and twenty-three others. Daily 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sat., June 16. . . . **Contemporary Arts**, 106 E. 57: paintings by twenty-four artists who have had their first one-man shows here. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M. (also Mon. Eve., 8:30 to 10:30); through June 30. . . . **Nierendorf**, 53 E. 57: work by contemporaries. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through June 30. . . . **Babcock**, 38 E. 57: new paintings by artists of the gallery's group; also a few nineteenth-century works. Mon. through Fri., 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Aug. 31. . . . **Rosenberg**, 16 E. 57: work by Rattner, Hartley, Hélion, Avery, and Weber. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through July 13. . . . **Art of This Century**, 30 W. 57: painting and sculpture by Loren MacIver, Gypsy Rose Lee, I. Rice Pereira, and other women. Weekdays 11 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through July 7. . . . **Ferargil**, 63 E. 57: paintings by around a hundred contemporary Americans. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through July 6. . . . **Midtown**, 605 Madison, at 58: a seasonal retrospective show by the gallery's group. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through July 13. . . . **Niveau**, 63 E. 57: Dufy, Utrillo, Pascin, and other French painters. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through June 30. . . . **Klemann**, 65 E. 57: Corbino, Eilshemius, Bosa, and others. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; Sat., 9:30 A.M. to 12 noon; through June 30. . . . **Jane Street**, 35 Jane: abstractions. Mon. through Fri., 3 to 5 and 7 to 10 P.M.; Sat. and Sun., 2 to 6 P.M.; through June 25.

Randolph Johnston—Sculpture: Clay Club, 4 W. 8. Daily 2 to 5 and 7 to 10 P.M.; through Fri., June 15.

Sarkis Katchadourian—Impressionist paintings with a touch of the Oriental in them: Durand-Ruel, 12 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Fri., June 15.

Boris Lovet-Lorski—Sculpture of heads, figures, and whimsical animals: Wildenstein, 19 E. 64. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., June 16.

Aristide Maillol—A memorial show: Buchholz, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through June 30.

De Hirsh Margules—Water colors: Feigl, 601 Madison, at 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., June 23.

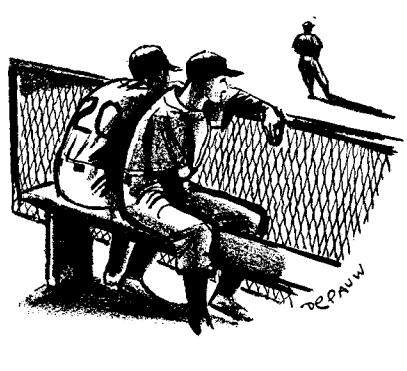
Merchant Seamen—Water colors and sketches with a non-amateurish sharpness, mostly by a half-dozen men: National Maritime Union, 354 W. 17. Thurs., June 14, from 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

Metropolitan Museum, 5 Ave. at 82—Nine galleries of Greek art, newly arranged to show the development of Greek civilization; also, prints and drawings by Goya. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.

Museum of Non-Objective Painting, 24 E. 54—Paintings by Kandinsky, as well as work by a good many other modern artists. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Sept. 4.

Alfonso Ossorio—Water colors; also, mosaic sculpture by John Stephan: Brandt, 15 E. 57. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., June 23.

Note—The semi-annual outdoor art exhibit in Washington Square will continue daily through Sun., June 17, from 11 A.M. until dark.



MUSIC

Stadium Concerts—Philharmonic-Symphony—Opening concerts of the season: Artur Rodzinski conducting, Mon., June 18; Alexander Smallens conducting, Tues., June 19, and Thurs. through Sat., June 21-23. Highlights: Nathan Milstein, violin, June 18; James Melton, tenor, June 21; General Platoff Don Cossack Chorus and Dancers, June 23. (Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 138. AU 3-3400. At 8:30 P.M. Midtown ticket office: Steinway Bldg., 113 W. 57. CI 7-5534. In case of rain, last-minute plans will be broadcast at 5, 6, and 7 P.M. over WNYC.)

Goldman Band—Central Park Mall, Sun., Mon., Wed., and Fri. Eves., at 8:30. . . . Prospect Park, Brooklyn, Tues., Thurs., and Sat. Eves., at 8:30.

Jazz Concert—Dizzy Gillespie, trumpet; Slam Stewart, bass; Erroll Garner, piano; and others. Fri., June 22, at 8:15 P.M. (Town Hall, BR 9-9447.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At the **Polo Grounds**: Giants vs. Philadelphia, Fri., June 15, at 2:30 P.M., Sat., June 16, at 8:45 P.M., and Sun., June 17 (doubleheader), at 2:05 P.M.; Giants vs. Boston, Tues., June 19, at 2:30 P.M., and Wed., June 20, at 8:45 P.M. . . . **Yankee Stadium**: Yankees vs. Philadelphia, Fri. and Sat., June 22-23, at 2:30 P.M. . . . **Ebbets Field**: Dodgers vs. Giants, Thurs., June 14, at 2:30 P.M., and Mon., June 18, at 8:30 P.M.; Dodgers vs. Boston, Fri. and Sat., June 22-23, at 8:30 P.M.

Boxing—Madison Square Garden—Ray Robinson vs. Jimmy McDaniels, welterweights, 10 rounds, Fri., June 15; Fritzie Zivic vs. Harold Green,

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The wedding march from "A Midsummer Night's Dream" by Mendelssohn, painted for the Capehart Collection by Andre Girard. In this delightful scene, the artist depicts Duke Theseus and his bride Hippolyta wending through the woods from Athens, followed by the four lovers . . . Hermia, Lysander, Demetrius and Helena, and a procession of Shakespeare's figures, as Queen Titania and her elfin company look on. Portfolios of reproductions of paintings in the Capehart Collection may be secured at nominal cost from your Capehart dealer, or you may write direct to Fort Wayne 1, Ind.

He, and she, and Summer's dream

Love is a never-never land, where days are but dreams and nights are deep in summer's magic. Yet even lovers must sometime face the winter of the outside world. Youth's vision seems lost . . . the green years, fled.

Music, then, can help the heart find its way back to that first enchanted realm. Through the glory of the Capehart or the Farnsworth, romance's songs are newly radiant. Old favorites, from opera to rhapsody, hold fresh promise for the present hour.

Now, many thousands can again look forward to exquisite Capeharts and new, modest-priced Farnsworths. From the hands of men who today make Radar and precision military equipment, these phonograph-radios and radios foreshadow new vistas of music pleasure.

Finer record reproduction will be yours, for one, and richer tone, as well. FM reception will be available in many. Reliable record-changers, too, with the assurance of time-proved dependability. And television sets when tomorrow's programs arrive in bright reality.

Make a place in your plans for a Capehart or a Farnsworth . . . confident that there will be a wealth of cabinet styles and sizes to afford a perfect choice. Confident, too, that whichever you select, it will be a product of beauty and of skill, the highest possible quality at its price. Farnsworth Television & Radio Corporation, Fort Wayne 1, Indiana.

THE Capehart

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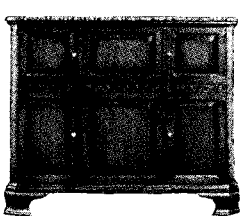

N. W. AYER & SON

FARNSWORTH TELEVISION & RADIO CORPORATION

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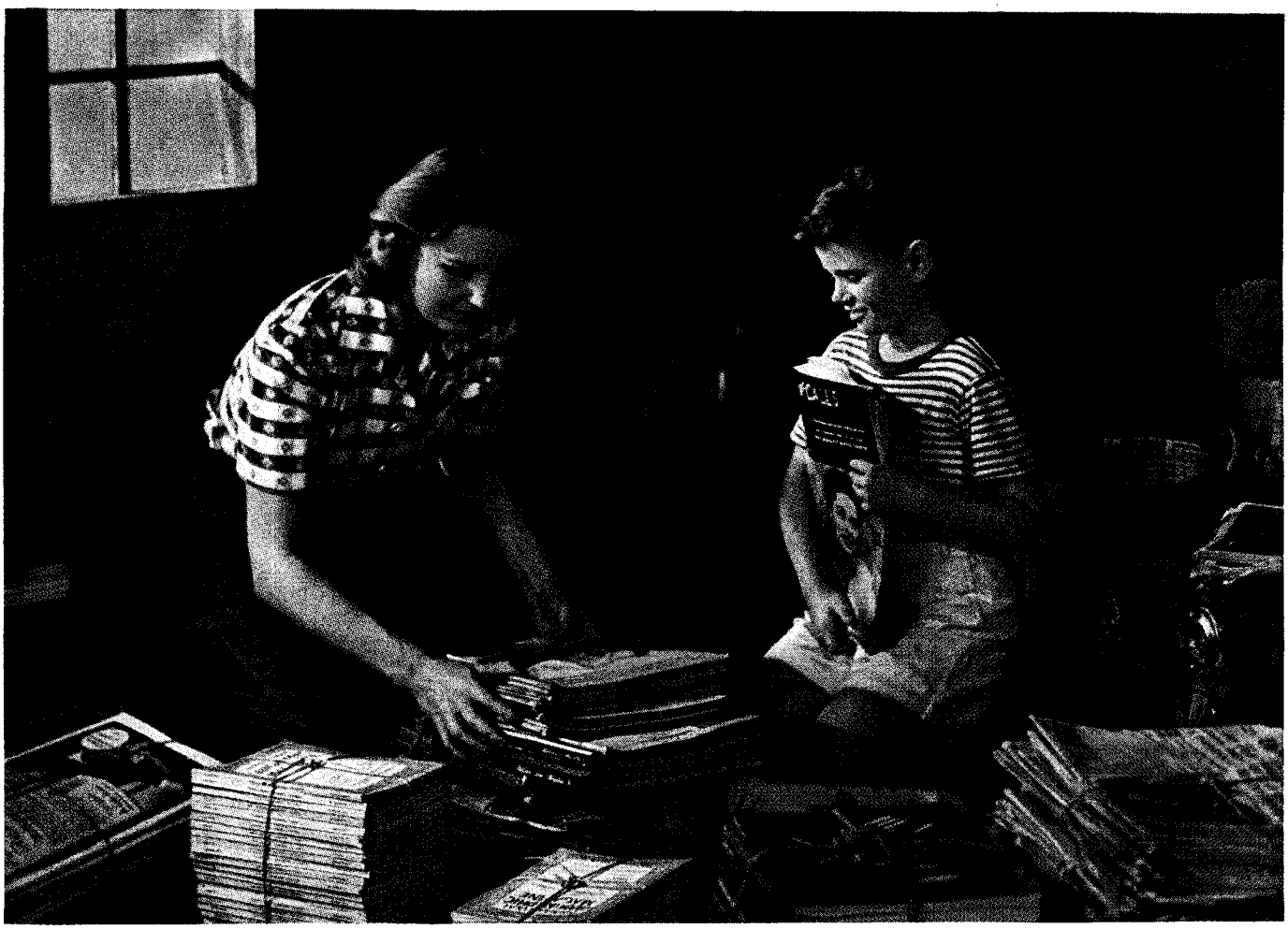
AMERICA'S STRENGTH IN WAR AND PEACE—THE PARTNERSHIP OF MAN AND WOMAN

HE lives because of plasma . . .



SHE salvages paper for plasma containers

SHE saves every scrap of waste basket paper; bundles up each week's accumulation of newspapers and magazines; rummages through the attic and cellar for long forgotten periodicals and miscellaneous boxes and packagings left behind by many a holiday season.

She's glad to do her part for she knows that *paper* is our *No. 1 Critical War Material.* She knows that every hundred pounds of waste paper can make two hundred blood plasma containers—or six hundred fifty Ration K containers—or more than a thousand cartons for yellow fever vaccine. Again, in her role as family purchasing agent, she helps in a practical way to *conserve* paper by accepting articles unwrapped wherever possible.

McCall's Helps Condition 3,500,000 Families

Paper salvage is only one of the subjects McCall's Magazine is covering in the conditioning of its readers for their responsibilities in the war effort. In war as in peace, McCall's provides inspiration and guidance for the women in more than three and one half million homes.

(Magazines use only 4% of all paper, and salvage drives recover much of that for re-use. With other publishers, McCall Corporation has introduced economies that save thousands of tons of paper. Because the supply of McCall's is limited, readers help, too, by sharing their copies with neighbors and friends.)

McCall's

THREE MAGAZINES IN ONE

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, JUNE 14, THROUGH SATURDAY, JUNE 23.

welterweights, 10 rounds, Fri., June 22. (Preliminaries at 8:30 P.M.; main bouts at 10 P.M.)

FENCING—National Championships: Women's Foil, Individual, Thurs., June 14, at 6:30 P.M.; Épée, Individual, Fri., June 15, at 6:30 P.M.; Sabre, Individual, Sat., June 16, at 2 and 8 P.M. (Fencers Club, 320 E. 53.)

GOLF—Metropolitan G.A. Senior Championship, Thurs., June 14, Baltusrol G.C., Springfield, N.J. . . . New Jersey State G.A. Amateur Championship, Match Play Rounds, Sat. and Sun., June 16-17, Canoe Brook C.C., Summit, N.J.

RACING—Weekdays at Belmont, at 1:30 P.M., through Sat., June 23. (Red Cross benefit day, June 14; Roseben Handicap and the Suburban, June 16; Peter Pan Handicap, June 19; Coaching Club American Oaks, June 20; National Stallion and the Belmont, June 23.) Frequent trains leave Penn Station Mon. through Fri. between 11:05 A.M. and 1:10 P.M. and Sat. between 10:45 A.M. and 1:45 P.M.

TENNIS—Bill Tilden, Alice Marble, Frank Shields, and others, in a series of exhibition games for the benefit of the Red Cross, West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills, Fri. through Sun., June 22-24, at 1:30 P.M.

TROTTING—Weekdays at Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury, L.I., at 8:40 P.M. (*A special train leaves* Penn Station at 7:03 P.M.)

YACHTING—Stratford Shoals Overnight Race, Riverside Y.C., Sat., June 23, at 9 P.M. . . . Championship regatta on the Sound: Larchmont Y.C., Sun., June 17, at about 2 P.M.

OTHER EVENTS

GENERAL EISENHOWER—The General will arrive at La Guardia Field early Tues., June 19. During the day he will drive through the city and participate in several activities; definite plans to be announced.

VETERANS' PARADE—An Infantry Day parade of two recently returned battalions and of 200 jeeps carrying nurses and wounded soldiers, will be held on Fri., June 15, starting at Fifth Ave. and 34th St. at 12:30 P.M., and proceeding north to 59th St.

SEVENTH WAR LOAN DRIVE—A sham attack on a Bougainville pillbox, with flame-throwers, bazookas, rocket launchers, and other equipment seldom seen by civilians: Fri., June 15, at 8 P.M. (Ebbets Field. Tickets can be obtained by buying War Bonds at any major department store.) . . . A big program of speeches by Secretary of the Treasury Morgenthau, Philip Murray, William Green, and others; and entertainment by Lawrence Tibbett, Sono Osato, and many, *many* others: Sun., June 17, at 1:30 P.M. (Central Park Mall.) . . . "The Fighting Lady," a 103-foot model of an aircraft carrier, on view in the Sunken Plaza of Rockefeller Center. (Purchasers of War Bonds, at the Plaza, may go on board.)

WARTIME EXHIBITIONS—At the **NORLYST GALLERY**, 59 W. 56: the poetry, prose, art, and newspapers of the French Underground during the Nazi occupation, including reproductions of work by the artist Jean DuBuffet, and Midnight Press publications. Weekdays 11 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Tues., June 19. . . . **CHRYSLER BLDG.**, 405 Lexington, at 42: a collection of United States Army combat vehicles, artillery, bombs, rockets, and small arms, as well as equipment captured from the Germans and Japanese; also, weekdays from 12 noon to 5:45 P.M., continuous showings of recent War Department films. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 11 A.M. to 7 P.M.

HOUSING—Scale models and plans of modern homes designed by Frank Lloyd Wright and other leading architects: Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.; through Sept. 30.

MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, 5 Ave. at 104—About a hundred prints and other memorabilia showing the work of John Stephenson, who built New York's first omnibuses, horsecars, early subway trains, and other rolling stock; also, the history of New York's police force, shown in drawings, photographs, uniforms, and documents: Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Sept. 30.

ON THE AIR

GENERAL EISENHOWER—Addressing a joint session of Congress, Mon., June 18, at 1 P.M., all major stations.

STATE DEPARTMENT—Archibald MacLeish and others in a discussion of our international policy; broadcast from San Francisco, Sat., June 16, at 7 P.M., WEAF.

MUSIC—Philharmonic-Symphony, George Szell conducting, Sun., June 17, at 3 P.M., WABC. . . . Stadium Concerts, Tues., June 19, and Fri., June 22, at 8:30 P.M., WNYC. . . . Duke Ellington and his orchestra, Sat., June 16 and 23, at 5 P.M., WJZ.

SPORTS—Racing: the Preakness, Sat., June 16, at 4 P.M., WEAF. . . . Boxing: Ray Robinson vs. Jimmy McDaniels, Fri., June 15; Fritzie Zivic vs. Harold Green, Fri., June 22; at 10 P.M., WOR.

NEWS COMMENTATORS—Cecil Brown, Mon., Wed., and Fri., at 8 P.M., WOR. . . . Janet Flanner (from Paris), Tues. at 10:15 P.M., WJZ. . . . Quincy Howe, nightly, except Thurs. and Sun., at 6 P.M., WABC. . . . Frank Kingdon, Tues. through Sat. at 10:30 P.M., WMCA. . . . Max Lerner, Sun. at 7:45 P.M., WOR. . . . Edward R. Murrow (from London), Sun. at 1:45 P.M., WABC. . . . Paul Schubert, Mon. through Fri. at 6 P.M., WOR. . . . Cesar Saerchinger, Sun. at 11:15 P.M., WEAF. . . . Lisa Sergio, Mon. through Fri. at 7 P.M., WQXR. . . . William L. Shirer, Sun. at 5:45 P.M., WABC. . . . Johannes Steel, Mon. through Fri. at 7:45 P.M., WHN. . . . Leland Stowe, Sat. at 7:15 P.M., WJZ. . . . Raymond Swing, Mon. through Fri. at 7:15 P.M., WJZ. . . . Dorothy Thompson (from Europe), Sun. at 9:45 P.M., WOR.

MOTION PICTURES

THE CORN IS GREEN—Bette Davis in the part once performed by Ethel Barrymore on Broadway. Miss Davis seems slightly implausible and so does the picture. (Hollywood, B'way at 51.)

GUEST IN THE HOUSE—A very sensible adaptation of the Broadway play about an erratic girl who almost breaks up a happy family. With Anne Baxter and Ralph Bellamy. (Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Thurs., June 14. . . . Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; through Sat., June 16. . . . 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Fri., through Mon., June 15-18. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Sun. through Tues., June 17-19.)

A MEDAL FOR BENNY—John Steinbeck wrote the original story for this rather disappointing film about the death of a hero and its effect on his native village. With Dorothy Lamour, Arturo de Cordova, and J. Carroll Naish. (Rivoli, B'way at 49; Thurs., June 14.)

MEET ME IN ST. LOUIS—Judy Garland, sprightly and vocal, in an excellent adaptation of Sally Benson's stories. With Margaret O'Brien, Mary Astor, and Leon Ames. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; through Sun., June 17.)

OUR HEARTS WERE YOUNG AND GAY—Wholesome little rich girls abroad in 1923. The treatment is light, nostalgic, and sometimes funny. With Gail Russell and Diana Lynn. (Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; through Sat., June 16. . . . Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86; and Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; through Mon., June 18.)

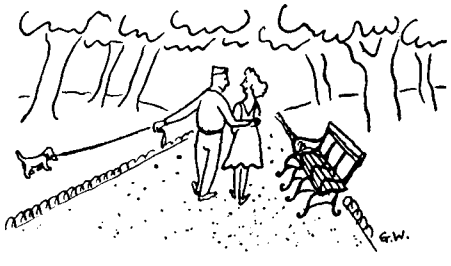
A ROYAL SCANDAL—Tallulah Bankhead, as the Empress of all the Russias, in a comedy that probably has little to do with either Catherine or history, but is pretty funny anyway. (R.K.O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58; R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86; R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23; R.K.O. 81st Street, B'way at 81; Riverside, B'way at 96; Nemo, B'way at 110; and Coliseum, B'way at 181; through Wed., June 20.)

THE WAY AHEAD—This account (not a documentary) of how young Englishmen were trained for war is a fine and exciting picture, though unfortunately dated. (Victoria, B'way at 46; through Fri., June 22.)

WITHOUT LOVE—Donald Ogden Stewart's version of Philip Barry's play that has practically nothing to do with the original but is very gay and charming anyway. Katharine Hepburn and Spencer Tracy head the cast. (Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175; through Tues., June 19. . . . Lexington, Lexington at 51; Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72; Loew's 83rd Street, B'way at 83; and Olympia, B'way at 107; through Wed., June 20.)

WONDER MAN—Danny Kaye plays twins in this funny film about love, murder, and ghosts. With Virginia Mayo and Vera-Ellen. (Astor, B'way at 45.)

NOTE—"To the Shores of Iwo Jima," a stirring and sometimes shocking picture of the marines' victory in the Pacific, in Technicolor, is being shown at the following theatres—Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; through Sat., June 16. . . . Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86; and Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; through Mon., June 18. . . . R.K.O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58; R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86; R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23; R.K.O. 81st Street, B'way at 81; and Coliseum, B'way at 181; through Wed., June 20.



REVIVALS

THE ADVENTURES OF TOM SAWYER (1938)—Tommy Kelly and May Robson as Tom and Aunt Polly. (Stoddard, B'way at 90; through Tues., June 19.)

ALICE ADAMS (1935)—The Booth Tarkington novel, with Katharine Hepburn and Fred MacMurray. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Tues. through Thurs., June 19-21.)

THE BIG STORE (1941)—The Marx Brothers take over a department store. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Thurs., June 14.)

THE BLACK SWAN (1942)—Pirates in Technicolor. Tyrone Power, Maureen O'Hara, and George Sanders. (Alden, B'way at 67; Tues. and Wed., June 19-20.)

CARNIVAL IN FLANDERS (1936)—Sly doings in a medieval Flemish town. In French, with Louis Jouvet. (55th Street Playhouse, 154 W. 55.)

DAYBREAK (1940)—Jean Gabin as a gentle murderer. In French. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; starting Wed., June 20.)

THE GARDEN OF ALLAH (1936)—The Hichens novel about desert love. Marlene Dietrich, Charles Boyer, and Technicolor. (Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175; Wed., June 20.)

GRAND ILLUSION (1938)—German prisons in the first World War. In French, with Erich von Stroheim and Jean Gabin. (55th Street Playhouse, 154 W. 55.)

THE HEART OF A NATION (1943)—France, from the eighteen-seventies to the present. In French, with Michèle Morgan, Raimu, and Louis Jouvet, and with an English narrative by Charles Boyer. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs., June 14.)

HERE COMES MR. JORDAN (1941)—About a prize-fighter who gets mixed up with the hereafter. Robert Montgomery and Claude Rains. (World, 153 W. 49; through Thurs., June 21.)

THE INFORMER (1935)—Dublin and the revolution. Victor McLaglen. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Mon. through Thurs., June 18-21.)

LIFEBOAT (1944)—Tallulah Bankhead and William Bendix torpedoed and set adrift by Alfred Hitchcock. (8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Thurs., June 14.)

ONCE UPON A TIME (1944)—Whimsy about a dancing caterpillar. With Cary Grant and Janet Blair. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Thurs., June 14.)

PÉPÉ LE MOKO (1941)—The French version of life in the Kasbah. With Jean Gabin. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Fri. through Mon., June 15-18.)

THE PRISONER OF ZENDA (1937)—Madeleine Carroll, Ronald Colman, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (Stoddard, B'way at 90; through Tues., June 19.)

ROBERTA (1935)—The old musical comedy, with Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire, and Irene Dunne. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Tues. through Thurs., June 19-21.)

THE 39 STEPS (1935)—Madeleine Carroll and Robert Donat in some Hitchcock excitement. (Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175; Wed., June 20.)

THUNDER ROCK (1944)—The dreams of a disillusioned journalist in a Lake Michigan lighthouse. With Michael Redgrave and Barbara Mullen. (Normandie, Park at 53; Thurs., June 14. . . . Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Sun. and Mon., June 17-18.)

TOP HAT (1935)—Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire, and Irving Berlin music. (Alden, B'way at 67; Sun. and Mon., June 17-18.)

NOTE—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing old films weekdays at 3 and 5:30 P.M. and Sun. at 1:20, 3:30, and 5:30 P.M. on the following schedule—**THURS., JUNE 14:** "The Love of Jeanne Ney" (1927), directed by G. W. Pabst. . . . **FRI. THROUGH SUN., JUNE 15-17:** "Sunrise" (1927), with George O'Brien and Janet Gaynor; and "Hands" (1928), directed by Stella Simon. . . . **MON. THROUGH THURS., JUNE 18-21:** "Ten Days That Shook the World" (1928), directed by Sergei Eisenstein. . . . **FROM FRI., JUNE 22:** "Storm over Asia" (1928), directed by Pudovkin.

CIVILIAN WAR ACTIVITIES

APARTMENTS FOR SERVICE MEN—New York residents who can sublet their apartments for long or short periods are urged to make them available to service men and their families. Arrangements can be made through the Officers' Service Committee, Hotel Commodore, Lexington at 42 (MU 5-8000), and the New York City Vacancy Listing (preference given to service men), 1 E. 44 (MU 2-4310).

VOLUNTEER WORK—Hundreds of men and women are still needed to fill emergency wartime jobs. Five organizations equipped to direct residents of the city into various kinds of work are listed below, along with a few of the most pressing needs of the moment. At the **CIVILIAN DEFENSE VOLUNTEER OFFICE**, 1 E. 44 (MU 2-4310): men and women to work in canteens at least one shift a week, night or day; men and women to take a short training course and then work a minimum of two full

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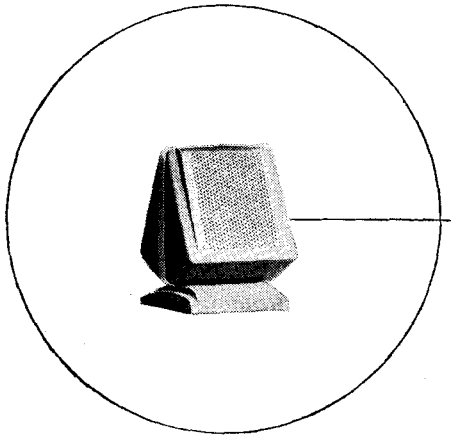

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

days a week as group-leaders in summer playgrounds. . . . RED CROSS, 315 Lexington, at 38 (MU 4-4455): women to take a forty-six-hour training course and then work one day a week as dietitians' aides in hospitals; women to take an eighty-hour course and then work at least two full days each week as nurses' aides in hospital wards, clinics, etc. . . . AMERICAN WOMEN'S VOLUNTARY SERVICES, 16 E. 66 (RE 4-6050): women to work three to five hours a day, several days a week, preparing refreshments for service men's clubs; women who can pass a driver's test and then, after completing a course in mechanics and first aid, work two sessions a week, day or evening, in the Motor Transport Service, driving for the Armed Forces and government agencies. (For Motor Transport work, apply at 17 E. 67. RE 7-3700.) . . . UNITED HOSPITAL FUND, 370 Lexington, at 41 (CA 5-7150): women to work in hospitals at least eight hours a week as aides in children's wards, or as receptionists from 7 to 8:45 A.M.; men to take a short training course and then work at least one evening a week as ward aides. . . . AMERICAN WOMEN'S HOSPITALS RESERVE CORPS, 817 Madison, at 68 (RE 7-0100): women to work several hours a week, preferably during the day, as drivers for the Motor Corps; women to work at least one full day each week as receptionists in veterans' rehabilitation centers.

HARVESTERS—The War Manpower Commission is recruiting volunteers for the U.S. Crop Corps, to harvest fruit and vegetable crops and to work in canneries during the summer. Applications can be made at the Farm Section of the U.S. Employment Service, 44 E. 23 (AL 4-8500).

SEVENTH WAR LOAN DRIVE—The War Bond campaign is on, and the A.W.V.S., 16 E. 66 (RE 4-6050), and the C.D.V.O., 1 E. 44 (MU 2-4310), are recruiting volunteers who can work one or two afternoons or evenings a week canvassing or doing clerical work in connection with the drive.

SALVAGE—Wastepaper (still very important) and food cans should be kept separate from other refuse and given to your building superintendent, who will see that they both reach the proper authorities. Although cans in any condition are acceptable, it will facilitate handling if you flatten them after cutting out both ends. Wastepaper should be tied in easily handled bundles. . . . The government urges that householders continue to save kitchen fat, used in the manufacture of explosives and sulfa ointments, among other things. Your butcher will give you two ration tokens for every pound you turn in to him. . . . Rags are urgently needed for use on ships, in war plants, and by mechanized forces. They can be turned over to any charity organization or junk dealer.

SUBURBS AND COUNTRY—The setups for volunteer work and salvage collections are by no means uniform outside the city, but most communities have some sort of committee in charge of these activities. If your local police can't direct you to a convenient one, write for instructions to the War Council at your county seat.

GIFTS, LOANS, ETC.—The need for blood plasma to send overseas is acute. Donors who wish to contribute should call the Red Cross, MU 5-6400, for an appointment. . . . The United National Clothing Collection wants to accumulate a hundred and fifty million pounds of practical clothing, shoes, bedding, and linens for destitute families overseas. Drivers of laundry trucks will pick up contributions on their regular routes, or, for the location of the nearest depot, call HA 2-0290. . . . The Navy needs photographs and maps of the Japanese mainland and other enemy-controlled territory in the Orient. Anyone in the New York area who wishes to give or lend such material should communicate with the District Intelligence Officer, 90 Church, New York 7 (RE 2-9100, Ext. 8430-1-8). . . . Recreational equipment of all kinds is needed for service camps both here and abroad; at the moment there is a particular demand for games, playing cards, radios, records, floor lamps, and small furniture. Three organizations which will call for and distribute contributions are the Citizens Committee for the Army and Navy, 36 E. 36 (MU 3-5366): Bundles for America, 20 Warren St. (RE 2-8881); and the A.W.V.S., 16 E. 66 (RE 4-6050). . . . Musical instruments, especially brasses and accordions, are needed for Army and Navy hospitals, transport ships, and recreation centers. Contributions can be made to the Metropolitan Opera Guild, 654 Madison, at 60 (RE 4-2410). . . . Good books of all kinds are wanted for men in the Merchant Marine. If you have any to give, mail them to the American Merchant Marine Library, 45 Broadway, New York 6, or, for information about collections, call BO 9-0220. . . . Bibles, in English and foreign languages, are needed for service men and for people in liberated countries. They can be taken or sent to any A.W.V.S. office; for the address of the nearest one, call RE 4-6050.

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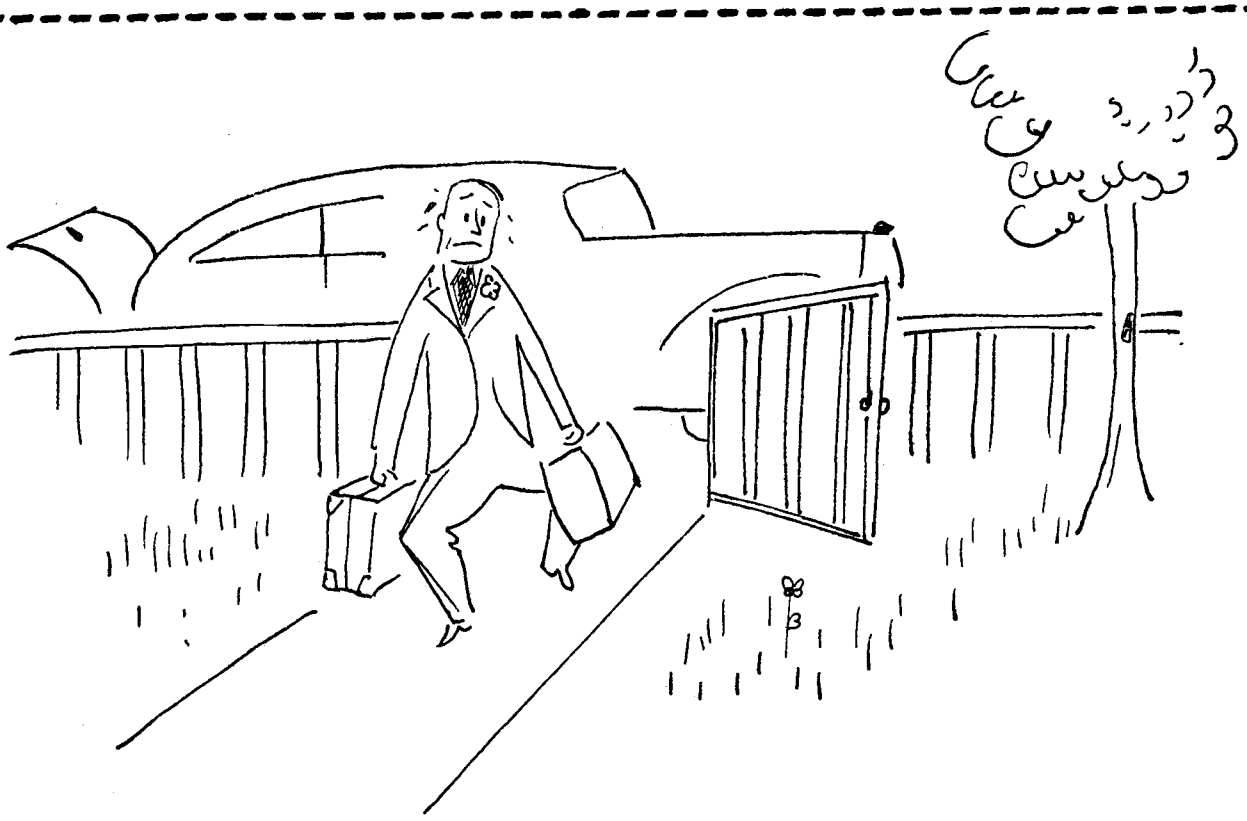
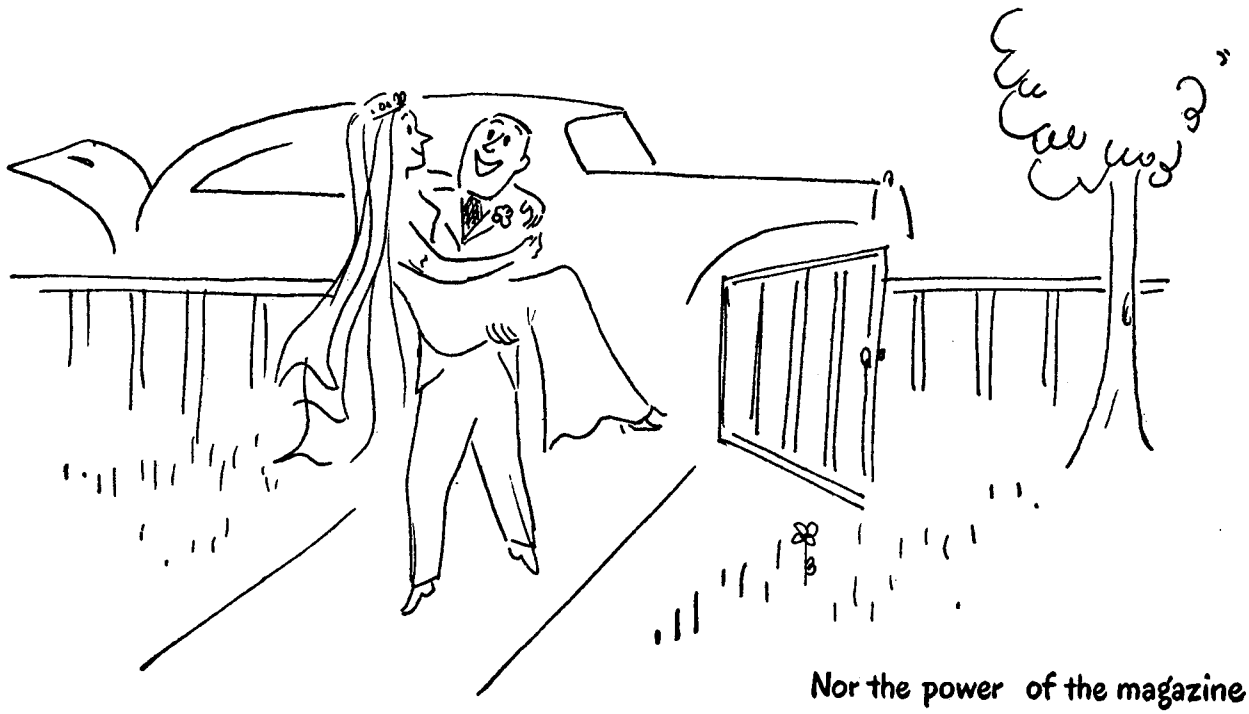
Never Underestimate the Power of a Woman!





Nor the power of the magazine which has the largest audited circulation of ANY magazine, given it exclusively by women

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL
THE MAGAZINE WOMEN BELIEVE IN

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One good flavor deserves another

Sizzling and savory from an outdoor grill—or smothered with mushrooms at the club—your favorite steaks attain their fullest flavor perfection when served with a cold bottle of SCHLITZ. The delicacy of flavor and smoothness of America's most distinguished beer bring out the best in good things to eat.

JUST

THE *kiss*

OF THE HOPS

...no bitterness

Copr. 1945, Jos. Schlitz Brewing Co., Milwaukee, Wis.

THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

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More beautiful than ever . . . in

Velva Leg Film

So easy to apply and quick to dry,
Elizabeth Arden's leg make-up stays on the legs
and off the clothes. Water-resistant. Clings, until
deliberately washed away, with a blemish-concealing
sheer textured beauty that trims the ankle —
slims the leg. Be sure to wear Velva Leg Film
with bathing suits or shorts, it makes your legs
look sun-burnished . . . far more lovely.

Sun Beige (light)—Sun Bronze (medium)—Sun Copper (dark)

Approximately 20 pairs in the 5 oz. bottle, 1.00
Almost 50 pairs in the 12 oz. economy size, 2.00

VELVA LEG FILM BUFFER . . . for polishing after applying Velva Leg Film. Must be thoroughly dry, then buff lightly for a sheer-textured finish, .50

prices plus taxes

Elizabeth Arden

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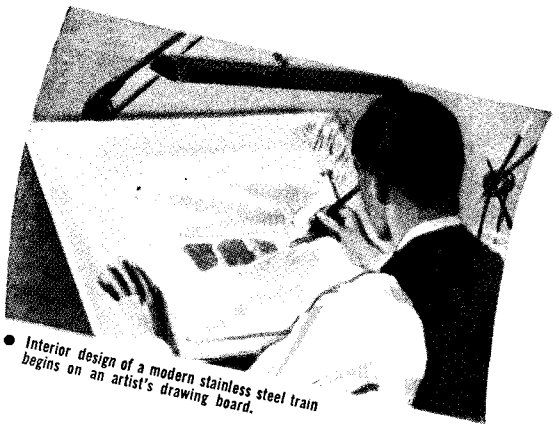
THE MODERN TRAIN IS A *Work of Art*



● Interior design of a modern stainless steel train begins on an artist's drawing board.

Outside, the Budd-built train is gleaming stainless steel. Its sturdy structure is also stainless steel—for strength and safety. But inside, it is richly colorful, luxurious, beautifully decorated.

Budd retains famous artist-architects to design car interiors —was the first to introduce mural decorations, specially-woven upholstery fabrics and window draperies, venetian blinds. Budd reclining chair "sleeper coaches" are famous for their beauty as well as economy. Budd also builds modern, conveniently-arranged lounge and tavern cars and sleeping cars—has given observation and dining cars a new distinction.

Budd's purpose is to make railroad travel attractive. Success of the idea is witnessed by the famous name trains Budd has built for the Burlington, Santa Fe, Florida East Coast, Seaboard, Atlantic Coast Line, New York Central, Pennsylvania, Rock Island, Missouri Pacific and other railroads. Budd builds for railroad profit through increased volume.

● Navajo decorations in Santa Fe's Super Chief.

● One of the scenic mural paintings in New York Central's Empire State Express.

● Colorful lounge of the Seaboard's Silver Meteor.

EDWARD G. BUDD MANUFACTURING COMPANY
PHILADELPHIA • DETROIT

Budd

Originators of stainless steel, lightweight trains, ALLSTEEL* *auto bodies and stainless steel highway truck trailers. Designers and makers of airplane and marine structures. Inventors of the* SHOTWELD* *system of fabricating hi-tensile steel.*

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

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"Do come in Edward,

Irene is just in the middle of

a most interesting account

of how she came to buy her

first pair of KAYSER stockings."

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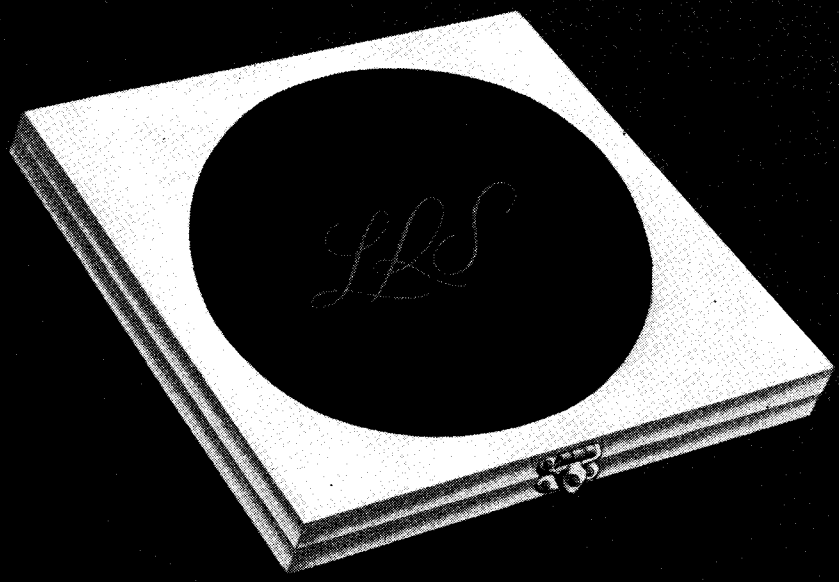

Classic Simplicity

LUCITE VANITY

This exquisitely translucent, single, loose-powder vanity . . . for your monogram.

LENTHÉRIC

perfumes

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

DESOLATION NOTE: The Minister of Reconstruction in the present Italian government is Signor Ruin.

THERE is a footnote to the fare table on the back of T.W.A.'s new chedule which is either provoking or provocative, depending on whether you have a plane reservation to make or haven't. It reads, "T.W.A. is not responsible for errors or omissions in this fare table which is printed for information only." We detect a queer, gristly distinction here which is hard to cut through. The footnote may be merely a piece of light whimsicality unlooked for in a transportation table, or it may represent nuance and flexibility in the use of language beyond the dreams of a semanticist, or, as seems most likely, it may be the work of a schedule maker who has developed an acute contempt for the word "information." The last is something we can understand. It recalls bygone political campaigns throughout which, bombarded though we were with facts from both sides, our sense of enlightenment seemed to diminish as our information accumulated. Here, summed up in an offhand footnote, is a ferocious bugbear of today: information that isn't. The wealth of statistics and the poverty of conclusion, assurance floundering in a sea of propositions true and false—this is a dilemma of modern man, so well informed, so far from sure.

THE *Daily Mirror* has been inquiring around among homemakers, and it reports that the prime desires of the American housewife are: (1) defeat of Japan, (2) economic security for her family in the future, and (3) a new vacuum cleaner.

We have seen the female American dream expressed in many forms, but never so succinctly. National triumph, personal safety, and no dust.

THE *Mirror* article went on to project a vision of the future, when our pent-up desires for household appliances and highway vehicles will be loosed upon a reconverted world. The vision was of a vast and expanding national health. It did not particularly impress us, any more than does Dr. de Kruif's picture of the rejuvenated male. The hounds that track the nation's health still sniff a doubtful tree. People will begin to improve their health when they begin seriously to improve their soil, not their sewing machines. It is not our high-octane lawnmower that matters, it is what we do with the grass clippings. (They must be composted and returned to all our gardens.) At home we should decentralize and add organic material to the field. Abroad we should federalize and add organic law to the planet. But instead, we add another bag of chemicals to quicken the young bean vine and a shot of de Kruif's

testosterone propionate to brighten the old farmer. We spray our apples and our cabbages with lead poison and take another life-insurance policy to offset the degenerative effect of arsenate upon our kidneys. The delegate from Lebanon was right when, addressing the plenary session, he said, "There is a security which is utterly insecure." (French and British papers please copy.) And the Squire of Pleasant Valley is right, too, terracing his Bromfield slopes with the profits from books, and adding dung and leaf mold to Ohio's dirt. Even the Bible, that best-seller, is right, and the house built on a sandy place somehow slips off and goes downhill.

SPEAKING of Dr. de Kruif, the chief reason for his violent enthusiasm, he makes clear in his book, is that he has been taking the stuff himself and has been reborn. We have here a literary device which could easily become unbearable—the literature of the cured. In the last few years we have had a spate of volumes of reminiscence by professional men: country doctors, dental surgeons, ministers, bartenders, press agents, psychiatrists, corner druggists, civil-liberties lawyers, and so on. Some of them have been rather tedious. If de Kruif's book

means that we are now opening the gates at the other end and are to be deluged with testimonials from satisfied customers, healed patients, reformed personalities, freed clients, and boozy converts, it will mark a dismal turn in humane letters. The only thing that encourages us is the knowledge that, on the whole, writers do not feel good, never have felt good, and presumably never will. De Kruif is a sport.

ONE of the poems in the new Emily Dickinson volume not only contains as clumsy a line as ever was penned but was not even written by Emily. It is the one beginning "My God, what is a heart?" The author is George Herbert, he of the seventeenth century. The clumsy line is "That thou shouldst it so eye and woo." (My God, what is a mouthful?) Emily presumably liked this poem, jotted it down, and tucked it away in that famous camphorwood chest, where it lay until Mrs. Bingham

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pulled it out with a glad cry and presented it to Harper & Brothers. We have no comment to make on this funny coincidence, except to point out to poets that it is dangerous to jot down any thought but your own, and sometimes inadvisable even to do that.

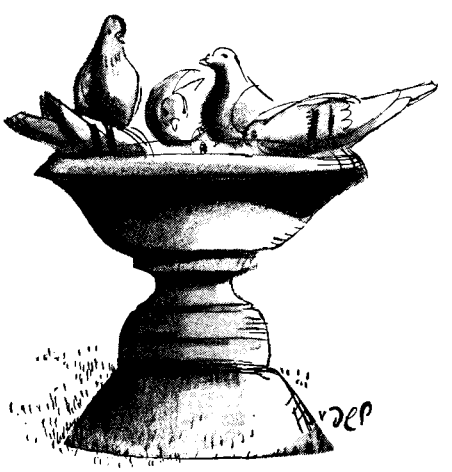
Our Own Baedeker

ARGENTINA, the second largest country in South America, is only two-fifths the size of the United States; its length, however, is equal to the distance from Hudson Bay to Yucatán. Nine-tenths of the country is a plain, with a mild, subtropical climate; the central portion of the plain is the Pampa. In other nooks and crannies of Argentina, you can find almost any kind of landscape you want—high plateaus, tropical swamps, ice fields, mountains—and weather ranging from a hundred and five in the shade to twenty-five below. The Plata River carries forty-five per cent more water than the Mississippi. The wild life includes boars, pumas, jaguars, unregenerate politicians, crocodiles, ostriches, and condors. The ostrich furnishes us with the makings of feather dusters. The condor flies practically in the stratosphere, twenty-three thousand feet up.

Argentina's history is soon told, thank the Lord. It was explored and settled—here and there, at least—by the Spaniards in the sixteenth century, and it was a Spanish possession until 1816, not long after an uprising in which the Spanish viceroy was deposed. Until 1853, civil war and dictatorships made things unpleasant; then a constitution patterned after our own was set up. It provided for the usual civil liberties, including freedom of the press, and guaranteed minority representation in the senate by forbidding any party to hold more than two-thirds of the seats. Since the Fascist coup, the constitution has been ignored, but we all ought to hope for the best. Argentina is still in the melting-pot stage. Of a population of more than thirteen million, only fifty-three thousand are Indians. Between 1858 and 1937, six million people immigrated there. Today Argentina has four million Italians, a million Middle Eastern folk known in Argentina as *Turcos*, two hundred and fifty thousand Germans, and twenty-five hundred Americans. There are also colonies of English, Welsh, Russians, and Basques. Everybody speaks Castilian Spanish and drinks *yerba maté*, a brew with a caffeine content not quite as high as that of coffee.

The Spanish introduced cattle to the Argentine in 1552. Grazing proved so popular and profitable that nobody bothered about farming until the Italians began to arrive in force, in the eighteen-seventies. The old-time gaucho was a prodigal fellow. He thought nothing of slaughtering a steer simply to have tongue for dinner. Farming proved just as easy as grazing, since a couple of hundred thousand square miles of the Pampa are covered to a depth of seven feet with a rich black loam. Thousands and thousands of acres of land elsewhere in the country are still kicking around and can be had by homesteaders for the asking. Argentina now exports beef, wheat, wool, corn, oats, rye, linseed, cotton, sugar, fruit, wine, casein, cheese, butter, and birdseed. She has no mineral resources to speak of, and imports seventy-five per cent of the manufactured products she uses.

The people of the Argentine are said to be not terribly fond of good-will missions from the United States, and another thing that makes them throw their hats on the ground and jump up and down on them is the fact that in Buenos Aires, the third largest city in the western hemisphere, American churches maintain a hundred and thirty-six missionaries. The Argentines don't drink much and are rarely seen drunk. When they want to say a girl is perfect, they say she's *churrasca*, the word for meat that's been roasted just right. The word goes for anything. A pretty girl who visits Buenos Aires has to get used to such remarks from men as "What a nice little bosom!" She may also be the recipient of a friendly pinch or so in elevators and other public places. All this is called *piropo*, and is considered great fun in the Argentine. Family life in the big cities is fairly sticky. A newly married pair usually move in with in-laws or take an apartment in the same building. As a result, the men spend a good deal of their leisure in clubs, of which there are five hundred in Buenos Aires alone. The duenna thing is dying hard, but it's now O.K. for young ladies in groups of four or more to go to the six-o'clock showing of a movie. When presenting the check for a meal or a round of drinks, the waiter brings dice so the guests can see who's stuck. When there's a death in the family, the women go into complete mourning—right down to and including their underwear—for two years. The Argentine has the longest stretch of perfectly straight railroad track in the world: a hundred and eighty-six miles without deviating more than six inches, right or left, up or down.



Kerns' Job

THE Department of Agriculture issues a Directory of Organization and Field Activities, and it is through this that we found out about Paul W. Kerns. On page 46 appears the name of William H. Clark, Jr., Dog Kennelman. Then, below, is this memorable entry: "Paul W. Kerns, Under Dog Kennelman."

"Life" Eternal

WHAT with the low priority we have had to put on tales of the Rialto, we're only just now getting around to mentioning the twenty-three-hundred-and-twenty-eighth performance of "Life with Father," though this took place on the evening of May 28th. The point, of course, is that "Abie's Irish Rose" ran only twenty-three hundred and twenty-*seven* performances. Thus, "Life with Father" has achieved the second longest run in dramatic history. It can't overtake the champion, "Tobacco Road," until some time in June, 1947. Nobody connected with the management has any doubt that it will, however. Harry Forwood, the show's press agent, who has been on the job for five and a half years, feels that in one sense his contender is already ahead of "Tobacco Road." "'Road' went in for cut rates, two-for-one, all sorts of tricks," he told us somewhat scornfully. "I am proud to report that it now costs *more* to see 'Life with Father' than it did on opening night, November 8, 1939."

The statistics of this theatrical miracle are, of course, fascinating. As of May 28th, the show's gross at the Empire Theatre was $4,125,076. The gross from all road companies was $4,319,500. Grand total, $8,444,576. The attendance at the Empire was

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"If you knew how many times I thought I'd never stand here and whistle again . . ."

• •

about 2,383,000, and out-of-town audiences brought the total to 5,848,000, in round numbers. Twice during the New York run the scenery has been completely repainted, the carpet replaced, and the furniture recovered. There are sixteen parts in the play, and a hundred and seventy-nine Equity members have appeared in them, here and on tour. Four of the original New York cast are still at work: A. H. Van Buren, as Dr. Humphreys; Dorothy Bernard, as Margaret, one of the maids; Ruth Hammond, as Cousin Cora; and Richard Sterling, as the Reverend Dr. Lloyd. Mr. Van Buren understudies whoever is playing Father, and has gone on in that part more than a hundred times. Howard Lindsay and Dorothy Stickney, who created the parts of Father and Mother, swore off for good on June 17, 1944, after having appeared, off and on, some twelve hundred and fifty times.

Counting New York and the road, a total of eighty child actors have appeared in the rôles of the four Day children. That breaks down to thirty-nine in New York and forty-one on the road. As they grew older, they'd move up one notch and be replaced from below. Nobody, however, has played all four rôles. Twenty-two of the boys are now in the armed forces, as aerial gunners, Seabees, paratroopers, pilots, bombardiers, and plain G.I.s; they are scattered in such remote places as Okinawa, British Columbia, Germany, Italy, and Arkansas. The original Clarence, John Drew Devereaux, is now a captain in the infantry; last spring he won the Silver Star for leading an attack on three German pillboxes in the Siegfried Line.

Wings of Song

ONE of the all-night radio programs recently played "The Blue Danube." An old gentleman sipping a beer in a Third Avenue bar remarked to the bartender, when it was over, that "The Blue Danube" was a beautiful piece. "Yup," the bartender said. "Any bastid couldn't waltz to that oughta have his teeth knocked down his throat."

Military Government

THIS will be a refresher course on military government, which the Germans have now begun to experience on a large scale. To those who think they know all about military government, we will put a test question: Just how is military government distinguished from military law, and how do these two differ from martial law? It's not easy, you see. But fortunately we know everything. To get military law and martial law out of the way first, military law is what governs soldiers, wherever they may be, in peace or in war, and martial law is the enforcement of civil law by military action. (However, when the English say "martial law," they mean "military government.") A typical manifestation of martial law over here is what is sometimes imposed during a strike. Military law has been defined by our courts as "due process of law to those

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in the military service of the United States." It has also been held binding on civilians employed by the Army—cooks, stenographers, and the like.

Military government, which you may also call "the law of hostile occupation," is really a rather new wrinkle in warfare. The traditional attitude, of course, was winner take all; this was summed up as recently as a hundred and thirty-five years ago when the Duke of Wellington shouted at somebody or other that military government (only, of course, being English, he called it "martial law") was "neither more nor less than the will of the general who commands the Army; in fact . . . no law at all." If a conqueror didn't take over a defeated country, kill or enslave the inhabitants, and appropriate all public and private property, the losers felt that they were just that much ahead of the game. To be sure, historians have zealously sought out instances of post-war magnanimity and played them up. For example, Philip of Macedon, after defeating the Athenians at the battle of Chaeronera, buried their dead and released his prisoners without ransom. And the Romans abandoned their early practice of putting prisoners to death, but this was only because they found they could sell them as slaves. Henry V, after winning the battle of Agincourt, set up a stiff penalty for rape and devastation by fire, but you have to remember that he was courting the French Princess Catherine at the time and was out to make a good impression.

About the last wholesale plundering and ravaging in history, before this war, was wreaked on us by the invading British in the War of 1812. Very soon thereafter manners came to warfare. It was no longer good form to steal food or other supplies from the civilian population; officers requisitioned what they needed, paying cash, giving receipts, or at least saying thank you. The turning point came during our Civil War, with the promulgation of President Lincoln's General Order No. 100, which was subtitled "Instructions for the Government of the Armies of the United States in the Field." It was the work of an immigrant Prussian scholar, a Dr. Lieber, who appears to have been equally impressed by his early service in the Prussian Army and the new romantic literature about the rights of man. Order No. 100 had a profound influence on military law. It was adopted by other countries and became the basis of all subsequent international agreements dealing with warfare, including the Hague Conventions. The present War Department manual "Rules of Land Warfare" is simply Lieber brought up to date.

To be specific, military government invests the commanding officer of the occupying forces with all legislative, executive, and judicial powers. He may retain what he likes of the enemy's civil government or throw it all out and start over again. Whenever it seems a matter of military necessity, the rights of individuals may be suspended, including, obviously, the right of habeas corpus. Inhabitants of occupied countries may legitimately be forced to do any work required by military necessity—road repair, for instance, or hospital work. Taxes or fines may be assessed against them, and upon requisition they must surrender any property demanded of them, for which they are paid in cash. Perhaps it would be easier to list what the occupying forces cannot do. Well, we can't force the Germans to take an oath of allegiance to our flag, and they are not supposed to be harmed by tyrannical or capricious acts, and they are not supposed to be sworn at or called bad names, and that's about all.

Ye Heavy Laden

A FELLOW who, for his own good reasons, attended divine service in a large and not noticeably denominational church somewhere in California reports that after the sermon and the prayer the pastor made an announcement. "My dear friends," he said earnestly, "if there be any among you who seek help in shouldering your worldly cares, if any of you would lay down your burden of sin and, through prayer and repentance, arise cleansed and refreshed, please get in touch with my secretary any morning before eleven-thirty."

En Grève

HAVING been tipped off to the fact that there was a little friendly labor trouble at the Pavillon Restaurant, on East Fifty-fifth Street, we went around there the other evening. As we approached the place, two striking waiters, comprising a picket line, and a lady with blue hair were having a terrific argument in French. "*Vous n'avez jamais travaillé chez Monsieur Soulé!*" the lady declared vehemently.

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"*Mais, Madame,*" one of the pickets replied, "*j'ai travaillé chez Monsieur Soulé depuis les jours du* World's Fair."

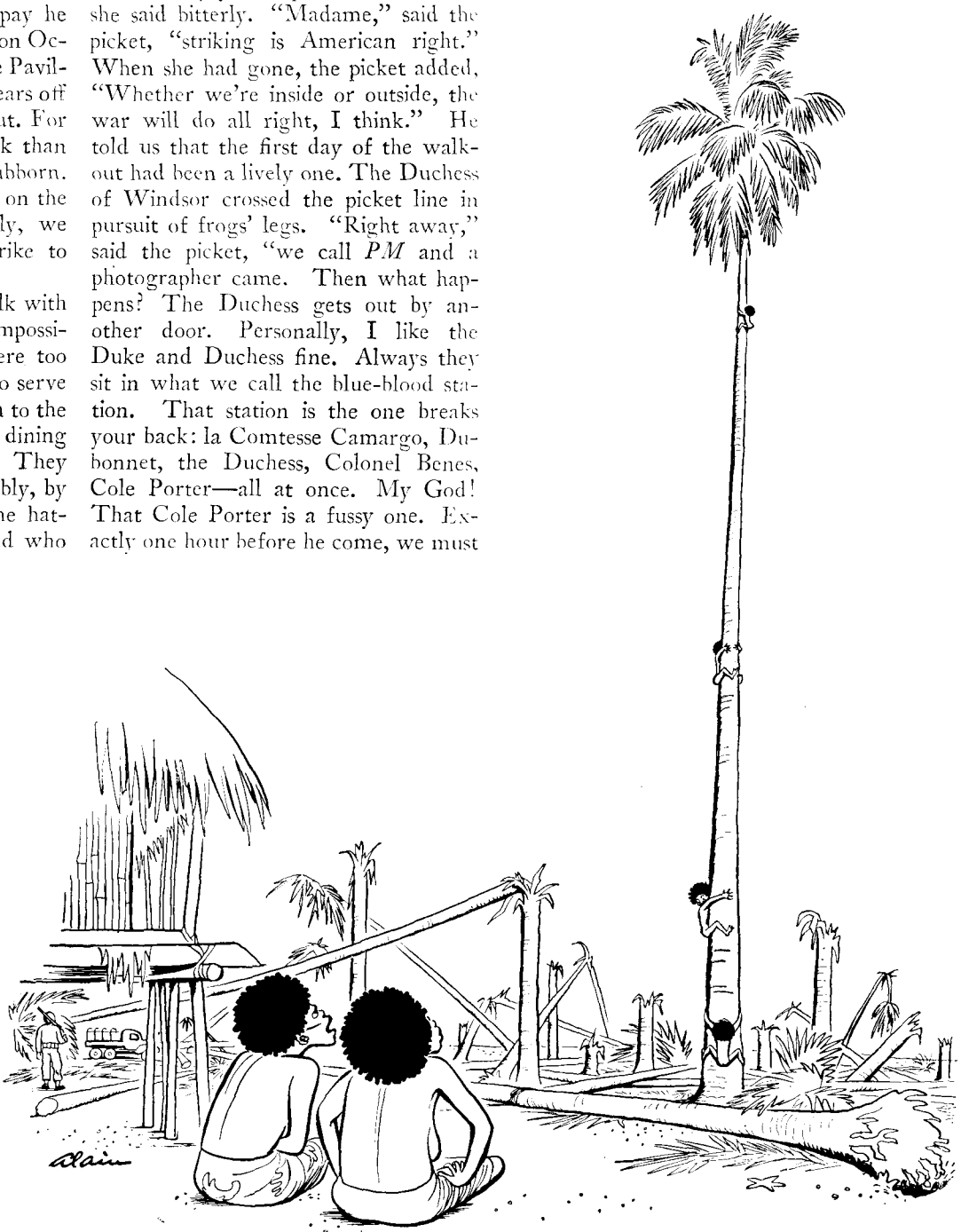
It was the first time we'd ever heard French in a picket line. The lady got into a limousine, the strikers started picketing again, and we addressed the one who had done the talking. "What's the beef, brother?" we asked, with the merest trace of a French accent. "The lady," he answered, "say I no work for Mr. Soulé. Ha! I have been with Mr. Soulé ever since he was running the French Pavilion at the Fair." We inquired if Mr. Soulé didn't pay enough. "Mr. Soulé is a wonderful fellow," said the striker. "Two weeks with pay he gives us for vacation and a bonus on October fifteenth, anniversary of the Pavillon. A fine man to work for—clears off the dishes himself to help you out. For Mr. Soulé I would rather work than anybody else. But Mr. Soulé is stubborn. All the time he wants us to wait on the same people." More specifically, we learned, the waiters are on strike to change stations each week.

We moved inside to have a talk with Mr. Soulé, but we found that impossible. He and his headwaiter were too terrifyingly intent on an effort to serve some forty diners in a small room to the left of the entrance, the main dining room having been closed down. They were assisted, frantically if not ably, by persons we later identified as the hat-check girl, the cashier, and a lad who had suddenly been promoted from dishwasher. The young lady passed us once, groaning, "Mr. Soulé is killing himself! Oh, oh, oh!" We returned to the sidewalk to talk to our picket friend further.

"I am going to tell you truthfully all about this matter," he said. "Mr. Soulé is old-fashioned. He thinks each waiter must have same customers over and over and over. So then he makes us put all our tips in a trunk and share them. He does this so that the waiter with tables that don't pay so good will not kick to change with a waiter that has nice people. But maybe some night I do twice as much work as another waiter—make twenty dollars. I put the twenty dollars in a kitty and when everything is divided I get fifteen dollars. That is silly. Now Mr. Soulé says that unless a waiter is with the same people all the time, he will not know exactly what they want. Name me a Pavillon customer—I tell you what they like." "Lucius Beebe," we said. "Smoked salmon, plat du jour or sometimes châteaubriant, asparagus, orange soufflé, and demitasse," said the picket. "He does not change much and gets reduced prices. Another one never changes is Mr. Norris, and Mr. Soulé thinks nobody can remember what he wants. For two years always the same: petite marmite, grain Beauséjour, charlotte aux pommes, demitasse. For his nurse—he's sick—a demitasse. For his wife a cup of tea." The picket was interrupted by a lady in a platina wrap. "Is this the way you help the war effort?" she said bitterly. "Madame," said the picket, "striking is American right." When she had gone, the picket added, "Whether we're inside or outside, the war will do all right, I think." He told us that the first day of the walkout had been a lively one. The Duchess of Windsor crossed the picket line in pursuit of frogs' legs. "Right away," said the picket, "we call *PM* and a photographer came. Then what happens? The Duchess gets out by another door. Personally, I like the Duke and Duchess fine. Always they sit in what we call the blue-blood station. That station is the one breaks your back: la Comtesse Camargo, Dubonnet, the Duchess, Colonel Benes, Cole Porter—all at once. My God! That Cole Porter is a fussy one. Exactly one hour before he come, we must put a bottle of Chilean chablis on ice, and when he orders he is very changeable. He knows food all right, though. I wouldn't mind right now bringing him a steak à la Bordelaise. But if Mr. Soulé wants to be stubborn, we are stubborn back at him. Is the democratic way."

Short Short Short Story

CHALKED up on a garage door over on East Forty-ninth Street, at a height of about three feet and a half, are four words as pregnant, probably, as any four words could be: "MAURICE IS ALWAYS SORRY."



"If they'd hit that one, this neighborhood would certainly be no place to bring up the children."

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HOME EDITION

IN the future I shall seldom read a newspaper headline without wondering to what bizarre extent its meaning might be distorted by a willful and capricious mind—more specifically, by Mary Conley's mind.

Mary Conley lives in a small town in Illinois. I met her when the Army sent me there a while ago to see some tests run off at an ordnance proving ground. The billeting officer on the post, which is just outside the town, told me that all the available accommodations on the post were in use, so he was putting me in a very nice private home. He hoped I wouldn't mind. It was only about a mile from the main gate. He said that the house belonged to a Mrs. Conley, who loved having people in town on Army business stay with her.

I walked the mile to Mrs. Conley's house and rang the bell.

A very old lady opened the door. "I'm eighty-eight years old," she said. "Wipe your feet."

"Mrs. Conley?" I said, stepping inside.

"Before I was married I used to be Mary Brady, back in Somerville, Mass.," the old lady said cordially. "I had eleven offers before Mr. Conley proposed, and I had eight after he died. Excuse me while I go out to the kitchen and put my teeth in."

She brushed a hundred vagrant strands of hair away from her face and went to the kitchen. When she came back she asked me suspiciously whether I had wiped my feet.

"Yes," I said.

"The part is this," she said. "I'm eighty-eight years old and I can't be cleaning up mud all the day long. It's hard enough as it is, with the Democrats and all, and Russia and *that* part. Do you understand, dear boy?"

She led me to my bedroom, a neatly furnished cubicle on the first floor, just off the kitchen. "I live downstairs, too," she went on, "because I can't be running up and down, up and down, all the day long. Not with that Henry Wallace and all the trouble we're having! And the money the government gets for those bonds it sells—do you think it goes to the boys in the trenches? Well, it don't! Not a penny! They keep it in Washington and spend it on themselves, the wicked things!" Indignant and out of breath, she sat down on the edge of the bed.

It occurred to me that I was in a part of the country which is famous for its irreconcilability.

"Do you happen to have a newspaper with tomorrow's weather forecast?" I asked. I wasn't really interested in the weather, but I was curious to see in what dark manner the affairs of the world were presented to Mrs. Conley.

"Certainly, dear boy. Of course I have." Then she added, gloating, "It's got some terrible things in it today."

I said politely that I was sure it had.

"A painted I-won't-say-what, standing there just as the Lord made her, with only a little bit of a shift to cover places I won't mention."

She got up with sudden briskness and went to fetch the paper. To my astonishment, it turned out to be the Chicago *Sun*, a generally well-behaved publication. She showed me the terrible picture, and I was disappointed, I must say. It was merely a photograph of Tamara Toumanova interpreting something by Brahms.

I asked Mrs. Conley whether this was the paper she read regularly. She said it was, and added ominously that she didn't know what we were all coming to. "That Mrs. What's-her-name who ran off with the King—*she* started it. A lot of folks don't realize that she started it, but she did. Him and her!" Mrs. Conley looked very pleased with herself and cracked her knuckles.

"Started what?" I asked.

"Everything!" said Mrs. Conley.

I was puzzled. "Mrs. Simpson started everything?"

"She certainly did! Running off with that Henry the Something-or-other."

I was about to proffer a courteous suggestion, but decided against it. I was afraid that if Mrs. Conley's conversation were deflected, even for a moment, she might not return to her interesting accusation. "I don't understand," I said. "What was it they started?"

The old lady bridled. "Now you mustn't go quizzing me," she said, giving me a grandmotherly slap on the shoulder. "That ain't manners! That ain't the way I was brought up to do in Somerville, Mass., and I know it ain't the way your mother taught you to do, either. Not at all!" She shook her head vigorously. Then, noticing that I was about to light a cigarette, she got up, darted away, and came back with an ashtray. "Not on the carpet, dear boy," she chided. This was the first rational thing I had heard her say, and it proved to be just about the last.

EACH evening when I returned from the post (I had my meals there and generally spent an hour or two with the ordnance people after dinner), I found Mrs. Conley sitting under a bridge lamp in the living room with the Chicago *Sun* in her lap. She loved to talk, and she employed a variety of conversational wiles to detain me as long as she could. Her opening remarks were especially startling. "I see Turkey's going to surrender," she announced the first night. The second night she began with "What do you suppose will happen to us, dear boy, now that we've lost our Navy?" And the third night she opened fire with the dramatic statement that the Congress of Industrial Organizations was running Italy and that she, for one, had always predicted that something like this would happen.

Mrs. Simpson's goings on with Henry the Something-or-other had prepared me for anything. Having heard of the consequences of that little affair, I was not nearly so alarmed by Mrs. Conley's subsequent scareheads as I might otherwise have been. In each instance I merely uttered a few perfunctory words of concern and then asked to see the paper.

"Now, what do you want to see the paper for, dear boy?" the old lady would ask indignantly. But I used to insist on seeing it, and she generally handed it over to me, reluctantly. She would seem infuriated, but I soon found out that she wasn't, really. It was a kind of Victorian archness by which she intended to convey that she had a poor opinion of any man who preferred looking at a newspaper to conversing with her.

Turkey's surrender was what Mrs. Conley, in her infinite madness, had considered the import of a modest story near the bottom of page one. The main head was "TURKEY YIELDS TO FRANCE ON EXTRADITION DEMAND" and the item went on to explain how Turkey was going to turn over to the French a number of Vichyites who had been hoping to escape trial as traitors. "BRAZIL TO GET U. S. WARSHIPS," a *Sun* headline said, the second night, apropos of the transfer of some small coastal patrol vessels. And the big C.I.O. story proved to be "U.S.O. PRAISED FOR WORK IN ITALY."

The first night, I tried to explain to Mrs. Conley that Turkey had not surrendered but merely had agreed to permit the extradition of some French col-

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"Another vanilla, Benny."

• •

laborationists so that they could be tried in French courts. Mrs. Conley wasn't interested. "Turkey and that part," she said with a contemptuous sniff, "and all them other foreigners, and Wallace and *that* part!"

Inaccuracy was only one of Mrs. Conley's specialties. Unquestionably, her forte was the nonsequitur.

"But Mrs. *Conley!*" I used to protest at first. With considerable firmness she would say, "Now, don't argue, dear boy. You mustn't argue. That ain't manners. The part is this, I'm eighty-eight years old and I know what I'm talking about!"

For some reason I had assumed that Mrs. Conley was a thoroughgoing Republican, and I was distinctly surprised to find that she wasn't. Once, to cheer her up, I said something cordial about that harassed party. Her reply was bitter: "Bread and water's too good for them and *that* kind!" I asked her whether she liked Senator Taft. ("Riff-raff!") I asked her whether she liked Governor Dewey. ("I'll Dewey *him!*") I asked her whether she liked Senator Vandenberg, but just then a loose shutter began to bang against the side of the house. I offered to fix it. When I came back, I said, "Well, what about Vandenberg? He's pretty good, isn't he?" She beamed. Evidently I had hit upon a topic that pleased her. "He certainly is," she said firmly. "He saves his best loin lamb chops for me and none of your shoulders, and if I say, 'I want a bit of suet,' he wraps it up along with the rest

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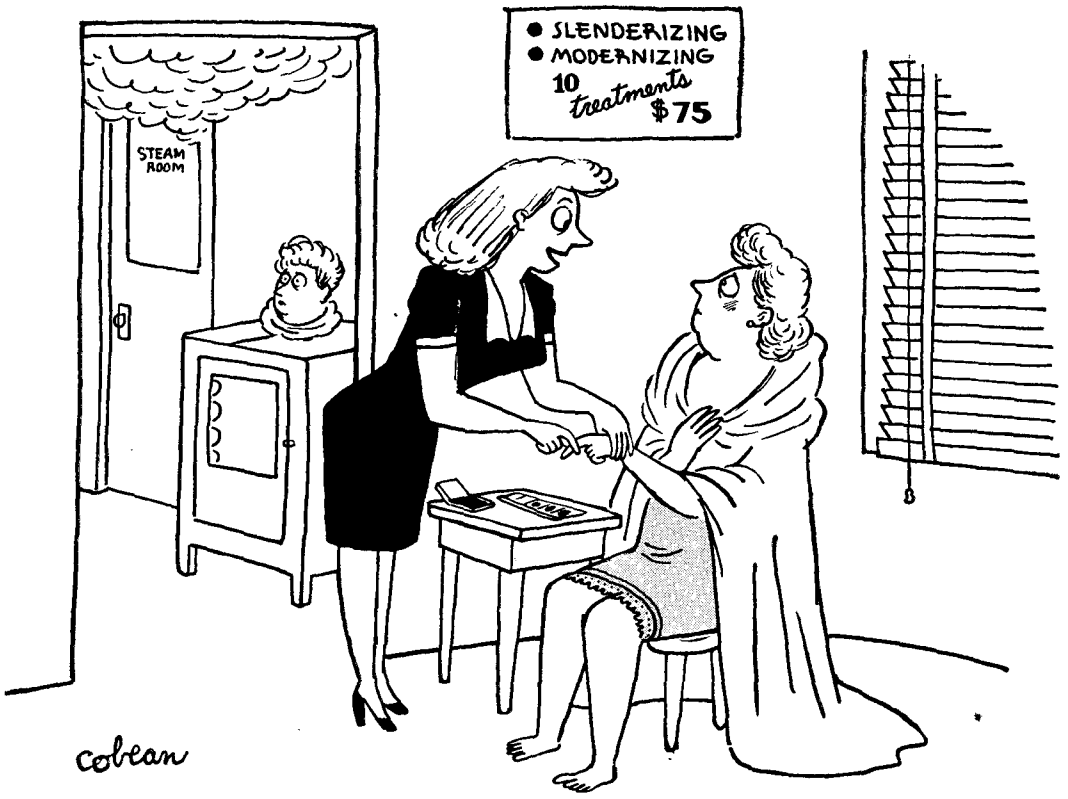

"We always take these fingerprints for later identification."

• •

and never charges me a penny extra." I explained that I had meant Vandenberg the Senator, whereupon she went to some trouble to point out to me patiently that there wasn't any such person.

I asked her whether she was a Democrat. She was so hurt by this that she merely said "*That* part!" and, with a toss of her head, angrily drew some needles and yarn from a bag that hung beside her chair and began to knit.

It was no use inquiring about persons of prominence in Illinois. Either she hadn't heard of them or she didn't like them. Or both. For I soon learned that Mrs. Conley had a disparaging word to say about almost every member of the human race. For example, she had never heard of Harold Ickes, but she said "I'll Ickes *him!*" just as grimly as she had threatened to "Dewey" the Governor of New York.

There was only one man in public life, living or dead, who she conceded was not wholly bad, and that was an Irish alderman who had laid suit to her heart some sixty years before, while she was spending the summer at a beach resort near Boston. She had discovered, in the nick of time, that he intended to use her money to save his trucking business, which was nearly bankrupt. But Mrs. Conley regarded him as weak rather than wicked, and often reminisced about how fine a sight he had been in a bathing suit.

I HAD my fill of sensational news while I lived with Mrs. Conley. Of the many items I picked up, most, I fear, have been kept hidden from such sheltered persons as the readers of our own *Times*. Bulgaria, I discovered, is where a lot of rich Americans go to live with their mistresses. The United States Government is collecting evidence against Jay Gould, and when this evidence comes to light, it will reveal why butter is so scarce. The King of England and the King of France don't get along together; they quarrel all the time and fuss about money. As soon as Mary Pickford reached her twenty-first birthday, she married her childhood sweetheart and retired from the screen, and today she is all skin and bones from housework. England wants Fall River, Massachusetts, and someday she is going to try to get it. Coolidge is practicing law somewhere in New England; it wasn't Coolidge that died, it was Hoover. Molotov is something you spray flies with. All George Bernard Shaw cares about is wearing flashy clothes and seducing young girls. Harry Hopkins went to Boston once, many years ago, in an anti-Irish play, and there was a big demonstration about it. Italy is where all the murderers come from. And William Jennings Bryan is too smartified for his own good.

I can't begin to tell you all the terrible things about Canada. We are in great danger of attack from that direction by an army of a million men. Every single person in Canada is descended from a convict, and the way they kill each other and carry on, you wonder anybody up there dares to go to bed at night. I can't begin to tell you about Mexico, either, except that down there it's murder, suicide, rape, "and *that* part," day in and day out.

There was no mistaking Mrs. Conley's predilections. Catastrophe was her dish, and so was sin. The fascinating part—"part" has wormed its way into my vocabulary, and will probably stay there for years—the fascinating part was that Mrs. Conley's unique budget of news apparently had been derived entirely from the Chicago *Sun*, for she kept nodding toward it, as if in reference.

"Mrs. Conley," I said once, before I left Illinois, "do you read the *Sun* from beginning to end?"

"Now, that's a *very* silly question!" she said, with the great show of indignation that she always liked to display at any question, no matter how casually or cordially it might be asked. "Of *course* I don't read it from beginning to end, dear boy! Of *course* not! I broke my reading glasses years ago!"

"But how can you tell what's in the paper?" I asked.

"I can see the pictures, can't I?" she demanded. "I can see all the funny little pictures, dear boy, that tell a story from day to day. And I can see the big black words, you know. I can see all of *them*, of course, just as well as the next person."

" 'The big black words'?" I repeated feebly.

"Certainly," she said. She consulted the paper that lay on her lap, as it always did, and tapped it with her finger. "Russia!" she observed, in a scornful tone. "Russia and *that* part! Trying to pull the wool over an innocent man's eyes!"

"Whose eyes?" I asked, still captivated by her technique of breaking the news. "Who's the innocent man?"

"Stalin," she said.

"*Stalin?*"

"Of course, dear boy. If you'd only take the trouble to look at the paper, you wouldn't ask such foolish questions." —JAMES REID PARKER

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THE WEDDING CAKE

THE wind-up victrola stood open on the seat that ran around the scaly bole of the horse-chestnut tree, and two little, elaborately formed blossoms had fallen on the warped record of "Make Believe." Other records lay on the seat. It had been an unusually hot day for early June, but now the afternoon breeze that swept across the cove was cold from the still-cold sea outside, and Lydia Foster had an old coat thrown around her shoulders as she sat in the shade sewing name tapes on her stepdaughter Janie's camp clothes. The uniforms had just come, and Lydia, who admittedly was one to tire quickly of a subject, had decided to sew on as many tapes as she could while her fancy was still taken by the neat blue shirts and shorts and the white towels and washcloths with blue stripes.

The lavender lilacs, thick and strong on the old bushes by the house, tossed in the wind, and the horse-chestnut blossoms blew down on the lawn. All the world was in motion; everything swung and bent this way and that. The water in the cove was blown along in short little waves, very dark and bright, and the new, tall hay in the field beyond the picket fence leaned sweetly down and rose again, changing its shades of green as it did so. Lydia finished sewing on the thirty-second "Jane M. Foster," stitched in flowing blue script on white tape, clawed off the thread with a pair of dull-bladed shears, and dropped the labelled sock into a pile of clothing beside her on the grass. She felt that something should be done about this kind of day—something eventful and unusual ought to happen at any minute now—but this was a youthful feeling, she told herself, she should certainly have gotten over long ago, for here she was, thirty years old and quite domesticated after three years of a settled life with her husband, who had been a widower, and his two small daughters. So she stitched away with untidy stitches round and round little white tapes, while she sat in a wicker chair with a coat around her shoulders, like an old lady. Sometimes she actually felt old; she had, without any conscious effort and really without any sense of restraint, become nearly as old as her husband, who was forty-two and had never been young. When she had married him, she had had a certain lightness of heart and spontaneity of manner that had appealed to him, for various reasons, but he had soon discovered that with it went a casual treatment of the business of living that galled him when he had it under his own roof. So, one way and another and before long, she had, as he described it to himself, been calmed down, for she was a tractable girl and fond of her husband, and she had come to be what everyone thought of as a wonderful wife—so devoted to poor John and the two poor little girls, who had been wifeless and motherless for five years.

This was one of the days when John came home early from his law office in town, and Lydia felt that she should not run off, in case he might have something he wanted her to do. So she threaded her needle and took up another sock. There was lots to be done around the place. The sailing dinghy, for instance, was not yet painted for the season, and neither were the doors and window frames of the old carriage house, which was being rescued from a state of picturesque collapse and made very firm and substantial. All the buildings on the place had been painstakingly restored one by one, for John liked neatness and solidity. He also liked to do a certain amount of the work himself and so it did not progress very fast. It pleased him to have Lydia do some work, too, though he often regretted her sometimes rash methods with a paintbrush and always deplored her taste for strong colors. She was very agreeable, however, and gave in to his better judgment, so the old house and buildings now looked like all the other old houses and buildings that had been revived in the village; that is, white with green blinds and doors, a white picket fence, with every picket in place, firmly dividing lawn from field, fresh shingles on all the roofs, and everything that once had leaned now braced up and made square. There were also lots of trellises, on which grew clematis and carefully sprayed roses. It all satisfied John very well, and Lydia herself had come to admire this tidiness, and agreed that it was easier to keep things neat than it was to let them get out of hand and then have to struggle to get them in order again.

But she never forgot the place as it had looked when they bought it, just after they were married. John had heard that the house was for sale, and he had driven her down from town to look at it late on an April afternoon. The old house was then painted yellow—at least, what paint was left on the narrow clapboards was yellow—with pale, blue-green blinds that were chalky from the weather. The garden beds were overgrown with grass and weeds, and there were no fences and no trellises. The field came right up to the tilted door stones, and through the dank grass ran the smooth little trails of mice and rats and snakes. A rabbit had dashed out of a syringa bush and raced off across the wet dirt road. It was low tide and the cove was drained out and a man was in the middle of it digging clams; he left watery footprints as big as a giant's behind him in the mud that shone in the afterglow. Through the wavy glass of the windows, they had peered in at the dim rooms, empty and dignified, and Lydia's heart had gone out to the house, bleak and handsome above the cove in the spring evening, and they had bought it.

Sometimes, too, she remembered another day, when they had come down to see about starting the necessary repairs. It was still April, and a sunny, quiet morning after a rain. John was indoors with the plumber, and Lydia, vacant and happy, was leaning over the low branch of a dying apple tree, looking off at the water. Behind her stood the old house, its doors and windows open to the empty rooms, the spongy dark shingles on the roof steaming in the sun. She heard someone coming toward her through the wet, dead grass, and then, as she turned, a voice said, "Hello. I was going by and I came in to congratulate you on your house."

Beside her was a tall, ugly young man, with wild, straight black hair and a cheerful, undistinguished face out of which sprang a ridiculous long nose. His eyes were a very clear light brown and he looked at her with a friendly regard that was warming to her. He had on a faded red-and-black checked shirt, hanging loose, and dungarees that were stuffed into muddy leather-tops. He looked energetic, and he smelled strongly of cedar shavings. "I'm a neighbor," he said. "My name's Dick Fiske and I live over *there*." He pointed at a little low gray house toward the village, away from the cove. "So I thought I'd pay my respects."

Lydia, who liked him at once, said, "I'm so glad you did. So you like our house?"

"Oh, very much," he said earnestly. "It's the best house here. I would have

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bought it myself long ago if I could have afforded it, but I've always hoped somebody'd come along and take it." He gave her a sharp glance and added, "You look like a nice girl, not the kind who'd tamper with it. Don't be offended," he went on, as she did not reply. "It's just that I have a sentimental nature and I've got a kind of proprietary feeling about this house from living beside it so long. I don't like change and decay. I like the house and I'm scared to death of having it spoiled." He smiled at her quite frankly.

Lydia started to say that she was scared, too, but he interrupted her. "Well, I'll go along," he said. "If I can help you at all, I'll be glad to." He went rapidly away toward the road, jumped over the ditch that ran beside it, then turned and shouted to her, "What's your name? I forget!"

"Lydia Foster!" she called. "My husband's John! Why don't you go in and see him? He's indoors talking about plumbing!"

"I won't bother him now!" he answered. "I'll come again!"

"Do you live here all the year round?"

"Most of it, yes!" he shouted. "I'm an artist by trade, but when things get thin, I work for Havener, the boat builder! Goodbye!" He waved a big arm and went off, his shirttails flapping, and for some reason Lydia began to laugh as she turned again to lean on the apple bough.

When John had come out of the house a little later, he had said, "Who was that you were calling to?" She had told him, and he had said, "Oh," the disapproval in his voice reminding her that it is not dignified to hold a conversation with a strange young man at the top of your voice.

SO Lydia sat under the horse-chestnut tree three years after this, and the old yellow house was now white and fine, and everything was tidy and pleasant and cared for, the flower beds cut round with an edger and everything pruned into easy control. Dick Fiske had become one of the customary figures in hers and John's life—a necessary evil, John seemed to feel. He moved across their calm landscape like a waterspout, unpredictable, not often very close but still disturbing, by virtue of his natural violence. He and Lydia were friends, as far as John allowed them to be, and Dick was not troubled by the fact that John mistrusted him. In the beginning he had been attracted by Lydia and sorry for her, with her sedate husband and the two little stepdaughters, and he had suspected her of being flighty, but when she turned out to be an attentive and fond wife, and inclined to grow more so rather than less as time went by, he had dismissed her except as a nice, useful neighbor, kind and helpful. Often, though, when he saw her away from John, she was gay and young and feckless in an innocent way, and they always had a good time in each other's company. He had never become reconciled to the glistening white paint and the trellises and the pickets, and sometimes when he and Lydia were alone they would become hilarious about it and she would forget that she had learned to admire calm and order, and they called the house "the Wedding Cake" between themselves.

Lydia wound up the victrola, took off "Make Believe," and put on "There's a Small Hotel," for she was in a nostalgic frame of mind, and picked up a pair of blue shorts and another name tape and knotted a thread. Then she heard John's car come in the driveway and go with a thump over the barn doorsill. Presently she saw him coming along the path by the brick walk, carrying some bundles, which he put down on a step by the house as he passed it. She shut off the record, for John did not like jazz, and called "Hello!" to him.

"Hello," he answered, and she saw with surprise how very gray his hair was in the sun and that he walked almost like an old man, slow and weighty, watching his step, as he left the path and came across the grass. She looked at him with enormous curiosity, seeing that the bright day did not become him. He bowed his head and walked under the tree, patted her shoulder, and sat down on the seat, saying, "Is *all* that Jane's camp clothes?"

"Oh, yes," she said, laughing. "I can't imagine why I backed you up on sending her to such a fancy camp. I didn't bargain on such a pile of stuff to mark."

"It does seem rather silly for a ten-year-old girl," he said.

"How are you?" she asked him.

"Oh, I've got kind of a headache," he answered.

"*Have* you?" She put down the shorts and looked at him kindly. "I wish you'd take some aspirin."

He said, in a voice as near to petulance as he ever came, "You know I won't take it. Why do you always suggest it?"

She sighed, and smiled. "Because I think you might try it someday."

They sat there, and the wind was cold and the blossoms kept falling about them. John leaned his head carefully back against the trunk of the chestnut tree and shut his eyes.

"I was going to paint the dinghy," Lydia said after a moment. "I finished sanding it yesterday and I would have painted it today, but then I thought I'd wait till you got home and see what you wanted to do." She longed to have the little boat ready, to be able to sail out of the cove with the blunt little bow smacking the waves and the sail wet halfway up the mast.

"I don't want to do anything very much," said John. "I think I'll lie down a while."

"Yes, why don't you?" Lydia said. "And I'll get you some tea and bring it up."

"That would be nice," he said. "Aren't you cold out here?"

"Just beginning to be," she said. She stuck the needle into the shorts and picked up the clothes from the grass.

Together they went in a side door that opened into a small

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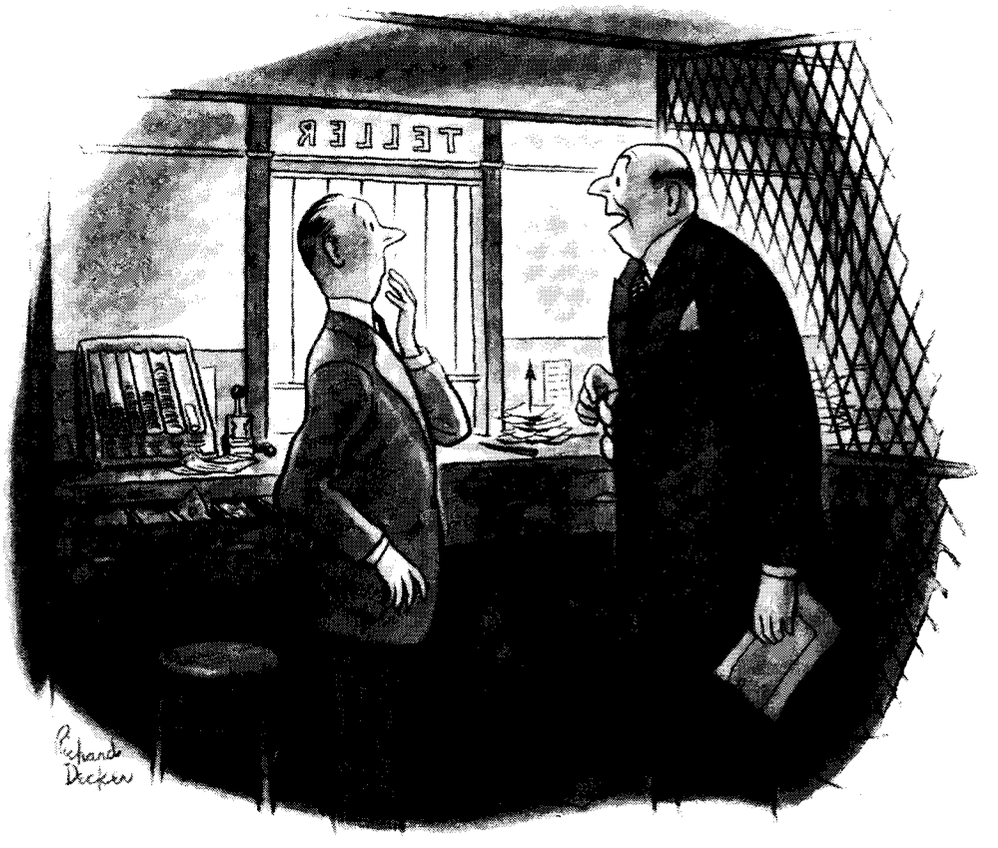
hallway off the main hall, and John, after looking idly at some letters lying on the table, started up the stairs. "Aren't the children home yet?" he paused to ask her.

"No. Janie's at the Millers' and I think Edith's got a date after school with Dick. He was going to take her to the yard to show her the ketch that's being launched next week." She dropped her coat and the camp clothes on a little yellow chair with a bunch of grapes painted on its back, and went out into the kitchen. Here it was hot and clean and cozy. They had kept the big coal range and a kettle simmered on it. There were two dishes for the cat on a newspaper under the sink, and lilacs, blown by the wind, tapped against the window. The afternoon sun was bright, lying in oblongs on the yellow floor. John would feel better after he had eaten something, and with the children both out he would get a nap. She moved the kettle to the front of the stove and yawned. She set a small tray and sat down on a high stool to wait for the kettle to boil.



"It's been brought to my attention, Watson, that you've been venturing sums on the races lately. Tell me, what do you like in the sixth at Belmont?"

• •

THE front door opened and closed with a bang and a man's voice called, "Edith! Lydia!" It was Dick. Lydia called out to him, "Dick, I'm in the kitchen! Edith's not home yet!"

He came in, looking pale and dishevelled and blowing his nose; he had been working hard and he had had a bad cold. "Hello," he said. "How are you? I haven't seen you for quite some time."

"I'm fine," she said. "But you look a little peaked."

"Well, I've got a hell of a headache," he said, flinging himself down on a chair and tilting back in it, his hair hanging over his forehead. "Have you got any aspirin, Lyddy dear? Mine's all gone, and the top of my head's going to blow off if I don't take something."

"Yes, right here," Lydia answered, and she took the bottle from the cupboard, where it lay in a saucer with some Antrol and a card of thumbtacks. As she moved her hand away, she upset a can of dried mustard and it spilled out over the shelf, and she thought, in amused exasperation, Why does everything always get messy and kind of hectic when Dick's around? Something gay, too, and relaxing always came into the house with him, she felt, something that was familiar and friendly and that went out when he went, leaving behind for a moment a faint sense of loss and mournfulness. As a rule, however, she did not think very much about it. She handed him the bottle of aspirin, shut the door on the mustard, and turned on the water in the sink to let it get cold.

"Where *is* Edith?" he asked her, shaking out two tablets. "She was supposed to stop at my house after school, but she never showed up."

"Oh, she'll be along. You know how kids are. Time doesn't mean anything to them." She filled a glass with water and gave it to him.

"How lucky," he said, after he had swallowed the aspirin. "I've been bothered by time ever since I can remember."

"You mean bothered by its fleeting," said Lydia. "I never knew anyone who cared less about what the hour is than you do, except when you're annoyed by being held up, like now."

"Yes, that's right," he said. "There's a capital 'T' to my time. I take the big view of it. John home?"

"Yes. He's got a headache too, though, and he's resting." She was busy moving things around on the tray. "I'll take him some tea and then you and I can have some down here." The telephone rang as she was measuring the tea into the pot.

"I'll go," said Dick, bringing his chair down on its four legs. "Maybe it's Edith, at my house." He went out to the hall and she heard him shouting into the telephone, "For heaven's sake, Edith, where are you?" There was a pause, and then he said, "My poor girl, I have no idea of trailing all the way over to Judy's after you. I will not go out of my way for a child of twelve, and if you want to go to the yard with me, you hustle yourself over here quick. Goodbye!" She heard the receiver bang, and he called up the stairs, "John! You've got a daughter too full of airs for her own good." If John made any reply, Lydia did not hear it; he would not stoop, probably, to answer what he would interpret as a piece of foolish criticism. Dick came back into the kitchen, saying, "You know, Edith's developing the proper touch rather early, I'd say."

"Well, see that you don't encourage it," said Lydia, taking up the tray. "Make a couple of sandwiches, will you? I'm starved."

"Don't you trust me?" he asked

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plaintively. "You ought to know how reliable I really am."

"There's some tomatoes and cheese in the icebox," said Lydia, walking out. "Help yourself." And she reflected as she went up the stairs that he was indeed reliable, just as long, of course, as you weren't in love with him. He was a deplorable character, she knew very well; that is, he had no character. You could so seldom count on him for anything, and yet you kept hoping. She felt very motherly, going carefully up the curving stairway.

John was lying on his bed, with the quilt pulled up to his chin. Lydia cleared a place on the table beside him and put the tray down.

"What in heaven's name is all the hubbub?" he asked. "Can't Dick come in here without raising the roof? What's all this about Edith, anyway?"

"Oh, nothing," said Lydia, subdued by the sight of her husband motionless under the green quilt. "She was late from school and she was at the Adamses and she wanted Dick to pick her up there and he didn't want to, that's all."

"Well, I don't see why all the hubbub," John said again.

"It's just Dick," Lydia said. "He can't help it. I'm going to get him some tea, and maybe that'll keep him quiet for a minute and you'll get some peace." John did not answer, and his silence made her feel guilty. A thread of steam went up from the spout of the small teapot, and outside the window the horse-chestnut flowers dipped and bent on the wildly swinging branches, dropping the little, elaborate blossoms lavishly far and wide on the grass. Lydia smiled at John—a smile that felt to her apologetic and alarmed—and went out and down the stairs.

IN the kitchen, Dick had poured out tea for both of them. They sat down and hooked their heels on the rungs of their chairs and huddled over their cups. Dick, although pale from his cold and headache, did not look any older than the day Lydia had first seen him, that balmy morning three years before. He was lost in thought as he sat there at the kitchen table, and apparently he took no notice of her whatever, but she knew that he would talk if he wanted to, or answer if she spoke to him. She could sit there or she could stand on her head; it was all one to him. It was a comfort to sit in a room for a change with someone who had no manners, the kind of manners you are taught to believe are important. Admittedly, there was a certain strain about John's company; he was always so terribly, conscientiously polite.

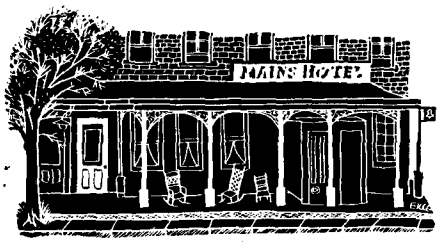
She picked up a big, wet tomato sandwich Dick had made and bit into it. Sitting opposite him, she realized that in her mind he belonged to the house as it had been when she and John bought it. What had appealed to her about it had appealed to him, and now the house was a different house and had lost its own self forever. She and Dick might pretend to be amused by the change, but she felt that something shocking had happened. "What would you have done with the Wedding Cake if you'd had it?" she asked him.

He stirred his strong tea and took a drink of it and scowled. He glanced at her as she meditatively moved her spoon around in her cup, and then, falling in with her mood, he said, "Maybe nothing. It was wonderful just as it was. I'm not one for wanting to change things, you know."

"I remember you said that the first time I saw you," said Lydia. She went on stirring and added, "It would have fallen down if somebody hadn't fixed it."

"Maybe so," he said. "What would *you* have done with it if you'd had your way?"

"I'd have left it pretty much alone, too," she said. "Lived in it as it was, maybe, and got used to it and not tried to change it so quickly. Imagine my painting all those trellises!"



"And the pickets," said Dick. They both began to giggle. Lydia, remembering John suffering sternly on his bed upstairs, was consumed with dreadful mirth, and Dick, amused because Lydia was, was glad enough to encourage her.

"Did you ever live in a place like this before?" he asked her.

"No, never," said Lydia.

"It must have been a very refreshing thing," he said.

"Oh yes, very," she said. "I always did want a place for everything and everything in its place."

"The hell you did," said Dick, quickly annoyed. "You want it just about as much as I do."

Lydia as quickly sobered. With her short hair on end and her face still pink from laughing, she stared at him. Laughter could cover many truths successfully, but the irritation in his voice carried the ring of reality and it frightened her and at the same time made her feel reckless. Once and for all she knew now that there was no use trying to hide anything from him; he was bad with the remorseless badness that sees through you at once and forever. Behind her the lilacs tapped the window; the sun lay on the dresser top which was littered with crusts and the ends of tomatoes.

Looking at her, Dick was a little conscience-stricken, still hearing in his head the sound of his own voice. Nevertheless, he was unable to stop, and he said, "Not only has the Wedding Cake got a complete coat of white paint; you've got one yourself."

"Yes," said Lydia, and the humble-

I'LL GLADLY PULL OVER TO THE CURB

If I have one outstanding desire,
It is to know the answer to the question, Where's the fire?
Shall I tell you about my environs?
They are populated exclusively by alarums and sirens.
No wonder I flunked my secret-agent course when, every time I tackled my cipher-and-code work,
Why, along came some hook-and-ladder on its road work.
The engines hoot by a dozen times per diem,
And to me it's Mysterious, and Mysterious with a big "M," not a wee "m,"
Because no matter how desperately I try to,
I can never spot hide or hair of the fires they are hooting by to.
I am dazed; please do not criticize my daze;
I guess I have heard a million fire engines hoot by, yet I have never seen so much as a doghouse ablaze.
Firemen, what is your destination?
Is there really a conflagration?
You have lickety-splitted by so often that my thoughts are utterly split-licketed;
I don't believe there ever was a fire, I believe I'm just being picketed.

—OGDEN NASH

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"I just want a little chair that can come out of hiding at cocktail parties."

•

ness in her voice smote him. "I know that."

Dick got up and walked to the window and back, and then he said, "I've wanted to say that for a long time, and now that I've said it I wish I hadn't."

"I'm glad you said it," said Lydia. "It's true, and somebody might as well come out with it."

"I'm not sure," Dick said. "After all, you have to live as best you can. I'm sorry, Lyddy. You'll have to forgive me."

She nodded. "Of course. Don't worry about it. Have another sandwich."

"No, thanks," he said. "Let's go out and see if Edith's coming."

THEY went out through the front hall, below John's room, where he lay under the green quilt, and through the open door they saw that Edith was outside, picking up some books that had slid out of her bicycle basket. The bicycle lay on the grass beside Dick's, which was standing upright on its iron leg. She was blond and thin and nice-looking, and though she was already nearly as tall as Lydia, she was neither leggy nor clumsy. Lydia was fond of her and thought she was wonderfully attractive.

"Hi there!" she called to them, standing with the books in her arms. She had on a dark-blue short-sleeved sweater and a tartan skirt with fringe down one side, and her light, straight hair was fastened back with a silver barrette. Now that she saw Dick, she was shy; she gave him and Lydia a hasty look and avoided their eyes as she started toward the house. She had been fresh on the telephone because her friend Judy had been listening, and anyway it was easy enough to be chatty with someone far away and unseen. But now that she was here, she was miserably shy, and all the more so because there was something in the attitude of the two in the doorway that made her feel an outsider, awkward and young. They looked to her somehow settled, calm, connected in some way, as they leaned on opposite sides of the doorway under the fanlight, both with their arms folded and their hair every which way.

"It's about time you showed up," said Dick as she came up the two steps with a leap. "Let's get a move on."

"O.K." she said. "I guess I'll get a coat. It's getting cold." She went by them into the house and dropped her books on the hall table.

While she was gone, the two stood where they were.

"How's your head?" Lydia asked.

"Much better," said Dick. They smiled at each other and Dick began whistling a monotonous little refrain.

Edith came up to them, dragging a corduroy jacket, and they turned aside to let her go out. Dick followed her, saying, "Thanks for the tea, Lydia."

Lydia moved across and leaned where Dick had leaned and looked out at the brilliance of the late afternoon, at the flying blossoms and the clouds and the green turf, so incredibly smooth under the trees. She watched the two as they wheeled their bicycles out to the road. They stood there in the sunshine for a moment, talking, and then they pushed off and disappeared around the bend. Not a sound came from anywhere inside the house behind her.

—ELIZABETH PARSONS

•

NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

[*From the Baltimore Sun*]

He played a flute to the accompaniment of his own barytone voice . . .

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A REPORTER WITH THE B-29s

II—THE DOLDRUMS, GUAM, AND SOMETHING COMING UP

AFTER the high hours and moments, the stirring days and nights, of the first phase of the B-29 operations from Saipan, in the Marianas, in the fall of 1944, there was a letdown, a reaction. Those of us who were out there as members of the Twenty-first Bomber Command of the Twentieth Air Force no longer had to speculate about possibilities. The unknown now was known. Our great new graceful airplanes could take off from island bases fifteen hundred miles from Tokio, could fly there and bomb effectively either in clear weather or through thick overcast, with precision instruments, and could return to those island bases without heavy losses, sometimes without any losses at all. B-29s battered in battle had come home safe on two engines; two or three had got home after having been rammed, either intentionally or unintentionally, by Jap fighters. The Jap air force had tried to destroy us over Tokio, had sent five out of a hundred B-29s down in flames in the course of one raid, the hottest air battle we had yet run into, but had indisputably lost the battle, with fifty or more of its fighters knocked out by our guns. If that was the best they could do, we had that problem licked, along with other problems. The B-29 operations from the Marianas were a success. But the adventure of pioneering was over, or so most of us thought. It would just be Big Business from now on, with military perfectionist standards applied all up and down the line until we had become an efficient, well-oiled, well-drilled machine of destruction—a good machine, maybe, but a dull one.

While we were going through this letdown, the Jap air force tried to destroy us at our base on Saipan. On their way down, two-engine fighter-bombers and a few single-engine fighter-bombers capable of making the trip would land and refuel on the battered landing strip of Iwo Jima, which at that time was still in Japanese hands. Iwo is six hundred and eighty miles from Saipan. The Jap airplanes began coming in low over Saipan, and mostly at night. One night not long after our first strike against Tokio, they bombed and burned two B-29s on our airstrip. The fires of those nights and days still glare in my heart and in the hearts of all of us who were on Saipan. I have never hated or feared anything in the world more than those black, quiet fighter-bombers that came that night, came again a few nights later, came again by day, and each time left something burning on our air field—usually one or two of our beautiful B-29s. They killed some of our people, and others were maimed for life trying to put out the fires or drag undamaged B-29s out of the way of the fires with tractors on which paint blistered and cracked in the heat. But the Seventh Air Force fighters based on Saipan brought down almost every one of the Jap airplanes before they could get back to Iwo, and within a couple of weeks this new threat was no longer a problem either. I remember one night when they came over at the most exciting part of a good movie, a mystery picture called "Laura," which everybody at headquarters—the generals, the ground crews, the pilots, the clerks, the cooks—was watching in the open-air theatre, sitting happily on damp sandbags and ignoring the gentle tropical showers that came and went. The alarm sounded, the movie stopped, everything was blacked out. I was Public Relations Officer for the Bomber Command and was sitting with two war correspondents at the time. The three of us went to the row of tents in which we lived, on the bluff over the sea, a few hundred yards from the airstrip. In the same group of tents, Brigadier General Haywood S. (Possum) Hansell, Jr., over-all commander of the B-29s in the Marianas, had his temporary quarters. Brigadier General Emmett (Rosy) O'Donnell, commander of the Saipan wing of the Command, lived just around a bend in the coral road that led to these tents. We all used to stand in an open space not far from Possum's tent and watch the Japs come over, ducking for cover when we thought we ought to. That night everybody talked about the interrupted movie. Possum had a theory about the ending and so had Rosy. So had all of us. It turned out that everybody was wrong except the night cook at the mess hall, who later told us he had guessed it correctly early in the picture. As soon as the all-clear sounded, everyone was back on the sandbag seats again at the open-air theatre. The movie picked up where it had left off and went on to its satisfactory finish. The Jap raids had become routine. In a few more days they stopped altogether. The Japs had decided they were not paying off.

In spite of the letdown, the generals, Possum and Rosy, were far from bored those days and nights, and there were many officers and men, up and down the line, who had plenty to do and were doing it at the wonderful, tense, sleepless pace of the early days and nights on Saipan. All kinds of improvements in technique, training, maintenance, supply, administration, and intelligence were being thought up, at top and bottom, and carried out, from bottom to top. Rosy was worried about losses, although they were not heavy as losses go—as losses in the Eighth Air Force over Germany, for example, had gone and were going. He was worried over crew morale. He was badgered by complex administrative machinery which had not yet begun to run smoothly. Possum was worried over bombing results. These had not been bad, but they had not been what he considered good. He was concerned about the whole B-29 program in the Marianas: a new wing was starting to come into the new base on Tinian, across a narrow channel from Saipan; a third operational base on Guam, a hundred and fifty miles to the south, was getting ready to receive its first ground units and its first B-29s; the permanent headquarters of his Twenty-first Bomber Command was still getting organized on Guam while he waited impatiently for communications facilities and other essential equipment to get in working order before moving down there, where, to assist him in the job of putting the whole program on a big-time basis, he would have more than the handful of staff officers he had with him on Saipan.

THE war correspondents migrated to Honolulu, getting ready to go on some forthcoming land-and-sea operations, leaving on Saipan only three journalistic snowbirds from the three big wire services to pick up the crumbs of news provided by each succeeding B-29 mission to Japan. The frenzy for news of our operations had justifi-

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ably worn down to a merely healthy interest on the part of the press and, presumably, the public at home. As Public Relations Officer of the Command, I made a quick trip to Honolulu, checked into the production of something the Army calls home-town publicity, which, in this instance, told the family and friends of every man in the outfit that he was in the Marianas with the B-29s, what he was doing, and that he had been commended or congratulated, as, in fact, every man had been by General Hansell after the first Tokio mission was run. I talked on the telephone to Washington about a matter that seemed urgent at the time, ate some steaks, swam at Waikiki, flew back to Saipan a week later, and then went down to Guam with Vern Haugland, of the Associated Press. I wanted to look over the layout for the future press base down there and Haugland was elected to go with me as the representative of the three remaining correspondents. At the new headquarters on Guam, which was just about ready to function, officers and men were stripped of shirts and more or less stripped of rank, we discovered. They were building tents, building operations-control rooms, building mission-planning rooms, building latrines, building showers, building Quonset huts to house adjutants, A-1s, A-2s, A-3s, A-4s, A-5s, judge advocates, photo interpreters, statistical controllers, operational analysts. Haugland and I felt again that the fine, free pioneering days were over, for although the building activities in themselves were exciting and had the old spirit of urgency, the size of the place was flabbergasting. It disheartened us to realize that all these people—all staff people, removed by a half hour's jeep ride from the nearest B-29 combat base, at the other end of the island—were going to do all the things they do with pieces of paper, charts, graphs, directives, mimeographs. We found a place for three tents, managed to make arrangements to have them put up so that we wouldn't have to put them up, looked into communications facilities, and discussed ways and means of censorship, and so on, with the island command and with the representatives of Admiral Nimitz's forward headquarters, which was soon to be established on Guam, too. Then we flew back to Saipan, the same day, on a war-weary B-24 that was being used as a passenger shuttle between Guam, Tinian, and Saipan.

"Mind a suggestion, Horton?"

A few days later the advance echelon of officers, men, and equipment of the Twenty-first Bomber Command temporary headquarters which Possum had established on Saipan for the initial phase of the operations boarded a small Navy transport ship in the harbor, sat there for two days because of an unexpected change in weather which apparently made departure inadvisable, and then steamed off for Guam. Since the correspondents were supposed to cover the news every day, without missing a day, they flew down to Guam with me in the war-weary B-24, which shuttled back and forth all one day, taking the General, his immediate staff, and the four of us to Guam. That night we were snug, or fairly snug, in our new tents on Guam. The tents were to serve us for work and sleep until sections possibly more important than Public Relations had got their Quonset huts and we could get ours.

IN General Hansell's first prepared statement to the press, which I worked up in rough form and which Possum edited and rewrote with competence, not to say brilliance, he said, on December 27, 1944, the following, among other things: "I would say in summing up our accomplishments in the thirty days since we first bombed Tokio that these first accomplishments have been encouraging but that they are far from the standards we are seeking. . . . When [our B-29s' crews] fail to put

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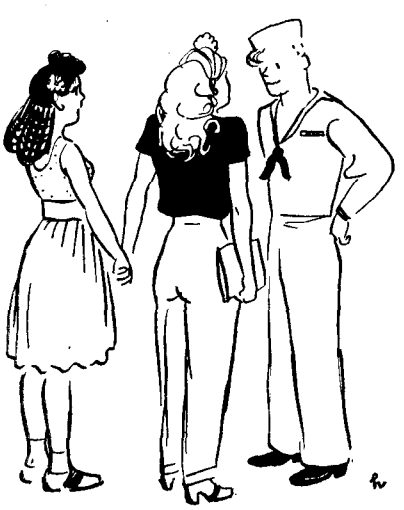
bombs right on the primary target, they do not consider that they have done a good job, even though their bombs hit other factory areas and even though their bombs do great damage in those adjacent areas. The primary target is always a rather small section of enemy territory and it looks particularly small when seen from an altitude of something over five miles. Frequently you cannot see it because of clouds or overcast and must depend upon your instruments. We have not put all our bombs exactly where we wanted to put them and therefore we are not by any means satisfied with what we have done so far. We are still in our early, experimental stages. We have much to learn and many operational and other technical problems to solve. Some of our experiments, however, have been gratifying if not satisfying, and the B-29 airplane has proved itself a magnificent weapon of war." Possum had inserted practically this entire passage himself.

At the end of the thirty days the statement covered, we had, as the full report pointed out, attacked the Musashina aircraft-engine factory, just outside Tokio, in the first strike; then had hit Tokio by night on November 27th; the Musashina factory again on December 3rd; the Iwo Jima airfield on December 8th, in coöperation with units of Admiral Nimitz's Pacific Fleet; the Hatsudoki aircraft-engine factory, in Nagoya, on December 13th; the Kokuki aircraft-engine factory, in Nagoya, on December 18th; and the industrial and dock areas of Nagoya, on December 22nd. In addition, we had dropped bombs on various cities on Honshu every day and almost every night in the course of what we named "weather strike missions"—two or three B-29s flying to Japan to collect essential weather information for future full-force strikes, and dropping bombs on selected targets as a secondary part of the job.

The three big aircraft-engine factories had been materially damaged but "not destroyed by a damn sight," as Possum told the war correspondents orally around this time. The Musashina factory had been damaged "inconclusively," according to the prepared statement. ("We destroyed a few buildings in the factory area and possibly interrupted production inside the plant . . . but we did not knock it out.") The Hatsudoki factory had been "put out of business," although, as the statement explained, it might conceivably be in business again within an unpredictable time. The Kokuki factory was also put out of business temporarily, but at the time of the statement we did not have good enough post-strike photographic coverage of the plant to be sure of this.

To Hansell, the perfectionist, this meant that the B-29 program in the Marianas, which he, perhaps more than any other individual, had envisioned, planned, and executed through the first phase of operations, was not paying its way. He said so once to the assembled group commanders, squadron commanders, and airplane commanders of General O'Donnell's wing, on Saipan, and every one of them—by no means excluding the wing commander, O'Donnell—agreed with him.

I consider myself enthusiastic but essentially detached about Army Air Forces matters, and I think I am justified in so considering myself. I knew that Hansell was doing everything he could, that O'Donnell was doing everything he could, and that everybody else I had encountered out there was doing everything he could, but I sensed, or smelled, or guessed, when Possum told me very casually one day that Brigadier General Lauris Norstad, Chief of Staff of the Twentieth Air Force, was coming out from Washington and that Major General Curtis E. LeMay, then commanding the other arm of the Twentieth Air Force—the Twentieth Bomber Command of B-29s, in India and China—was flying over to Guam for a conference, that something I had been through once or twice before in my comparatively short Army career was about to take place: a change of command. Having thought over the matter, and having dismissed my hunch, I concluded that the conference merely meant a logical drawing together of the two B-29 commands, at least for planning purposes, and that it was only natural that Norstad should pay us a visit—no high officer of the Twentieth Air Force had visited the Marianas since we had begun our operations from Saipan.



Norstad flew in from Washington a day or so after that. LeMay came a day later, having flown, with only one stop, from one of his bases back of Chungking, in a B-29, himself at the controls; a co-pilot sat beside him, and four or five staff officers he wanted to bring along slept around the airplane as they could. The whole conference was secret because the very presence of the two visiting generals on Guam, whatever its explanation, would have been a valuable piece of information for the enemy to have had at that time.

I had never met Norstad and I had never met LeMay and there was no particular reason I should meet them unless they wanted to get out some kind of statement to the press. I think I have indicated that I knew Hansell well by this time, was very fond of him as a man and had great respect for him as a general. While both Norstad and LeMay were there, I ran into Hansell one afternoon outside the mission-planning room, where I customarily went to catch up on what was going on, now that the headquarters was more complex than it had been on Saipan. He looked at me as if he had seen me before somewhere and hadn't minded it unduly. He focussed his eyes inward, then outward, in that peculiar fashion of his. Then he looked at me in friendly recognition. "Mac, I think there's something you ought to know," he said. He took me into the mission-planning room and over to a corner.

"LeMay is coming here," Hansell went on, "to take over this command. I'm out. I'm leaving for the States as soon as LeMay has had time to fly back to China, wind up his business there, and fly back here. That's what Norstad came out to tell me. Nothing can be said about it now until final orders have been issued, until LeMay is back here and has assumed command, and until General Arnold has announced the change of command in Washington. But it will come out then, and that may involve a Public Relations problem of some kind. That's your baby. What do you think?"

While Hansell and I sat on a table talking, planning for the next mission went on all around us—officers pinning red worsted thread on maps, showing the route to the Kobe area (we had not hit the Kobe area before); technical sergeants working over mathematical calculations having to do with bomb load, air speed, gasoline reserve; other

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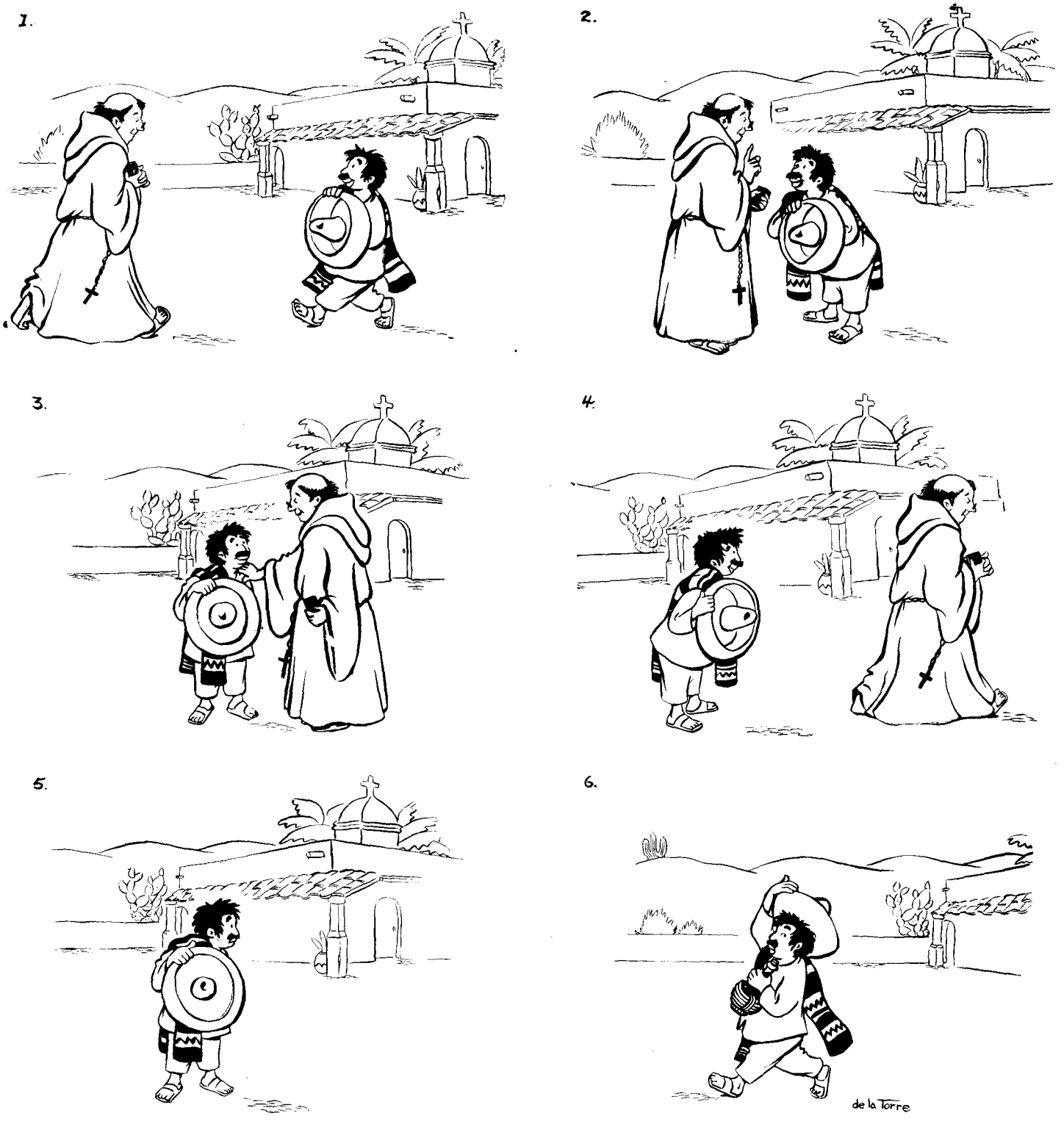

officers talking in corners. The staff navigator, as I remember, was conferring with the staff bombardier, both of them smoothly gesticulating, as airmen do, using their hands as airplanes, flying with these hands to Kobe, turning at the point where the formations of the next mission would start their bombing run on a factory near Kobe, turning away from the target, starting home, ditching where they ought to ditch (should they have to ditch), landing on Saipan—still our only operational base—in good weather and in bad, coming on to Guam if necessary, if the weather at Guam were good and the weather at Saipan too bad. There were many other officers and many enlisted men in the room—a big room—and all of them were doing various things about the next mission. I tried to answer Hansell as I presumed a lieutenant colonel should, but what I really wanted to do was say, "Holy God, Possum! They can't do this to you!" As I remember it, I said that General Arnold's statement informing the public of the change of command should, in my opinion, be released simultaneously in Washington and in Guam, that otherwise both the Washington correspondents and the Guam correspondents would smell a rat; that if there was a rat, it would be better if they smelled it now than later; that if there was no rat to be smelled, there was no rat to be smelled, but, holy God, General, what is this all about?

"I'm not entirely sure," replied Possum, focussing his eyes half inward, half

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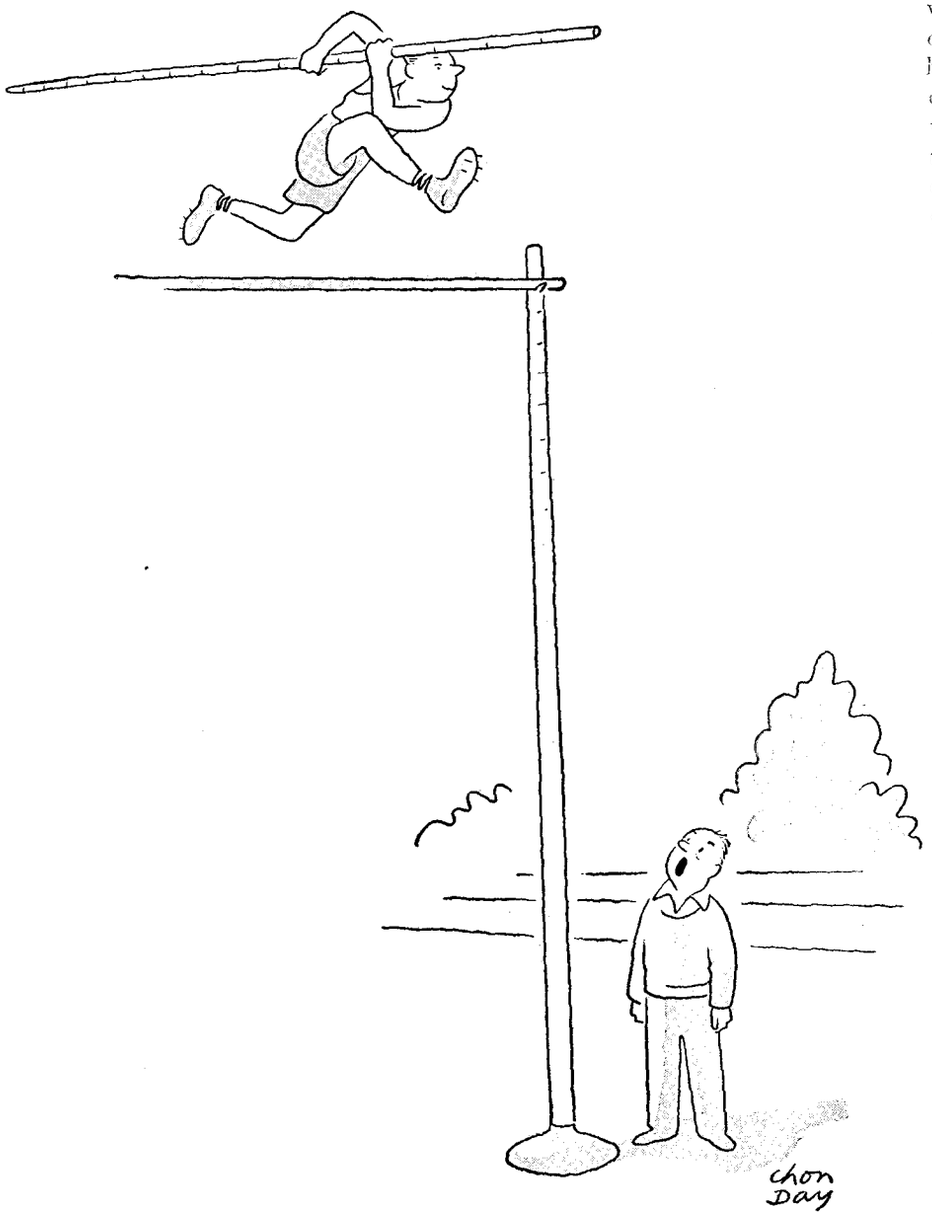
outward. "I don't *think*"—he emphasized and considered the word—"that they are dissatisfied with the way I've been running things. There is nothing to indicate that. Norstad brought the word personally from General Arnold, with the information that the boss wanted him to tell me the decision orally. I think what's happened is that the boss has decided LeMay is the best man to go on with this from here on out. I think that's really it. I think the boss considers LeMay as the big-time operator and me as the planner. There is no doubt whatever about LeMay's ability to do the job, although I can't be so hypocritical as to say I think he can do it better than I could do it. But LeMay is tops. He used to be a group commander in my division in the Eighth Air Force. I got him his promotion to brigadier general, and when he went up to major general I was in a position, as Deputy Chief of Staff of the Army Air Forces, to help that along. He may easily be," said Possum, now focussing his eyes straight outward, "the best combat commander today in the Army Air Forces for this particular job, all things considered, especially when you count in his combat experience with B-29s in China."

I was introduced to Norstad that afternoon, as I was walking up the coral road from the mess hall to our administration building. He said he wanted to see me; could I come over to his temporary office about three that afternoon? We had a constructive fifteen minutes. He told me about the home-side attitude on the publicity the B-29 operations were getting and said that the Twentieth Air Force headquarters was very pleased at the conservative treatment the war correspondents had been giving the story. Norstad is young—thirty-eight—and almost the perfect type of staff officer, with a good record behind him in Africa and Italy and with two years of foreign service, in all, in this war. It was his job to know intimately and thoroughly the problems of every staff section of the Twentieth Air Force and the problems of the corresponding sections in its two Bomber Commands; to run the Twentieth Air Force, under General Arnold, from its headquarters in Washington, using as his assistants all the high-ranking members of the Air Staff there, who double in brass as members of the Air Staff of the whole Army Air Forces and as members of the staff of the global, special Twentieth. We got acquainted very fast. I asked him what the change of command was all about. "Look," he said, "Possum and myself and one other guy at A.A.F. headquarters have worked together for years—two or three years, anyway. We see eye to eye. We're personal friends. We've done a lot of tough jobs together. And I'm the one that has to come out and tell Possum we're not letting him keep the best job in the Air Forces today—the command of the Twenty-first Bomber Command. The reason is that General Arnold—and all of us, including, I think, Possum—now know that this LeMay is the best man in the Air Forces right now for this particular job, the job of carrying out what Possum and the rest of us started. LeMay is an operator, the rest of us are planners. That's all there is to it. It's tough and it's right. And Possum is taking it the way Possum would."



"Dammit, Hopkins, can't you remember any of those tips I gave you on form?"

THE next two weeks were not very pleasant. Neither I nor very many other people in the Twenty-first Bomber Command knew anything about LeMay beyond the fact that he unquestionably had a fine record as an Air Forces officer and as a B-29 commander in China. His looks had not helped us to take a jolly view of the future. He was around a few days, said almost nothing to anybody, was what, by civilian standards, would be called rude to many people. He was a big, husky, healthy, rather stocky, full-faced, black-haired man, thirty-nine years old, from Columbus, Ohio. He apparently couldn't make himself heard even in a small room except when you bent all your ears in his direction, and when you did he appeared to evade your

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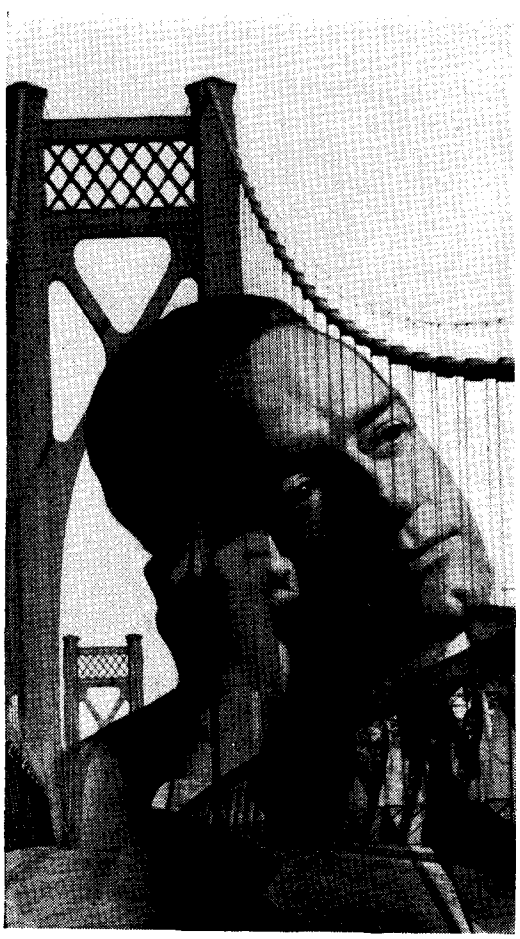

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FOR HER IT WAS TWILIGHT BY A LITTLE LAKE

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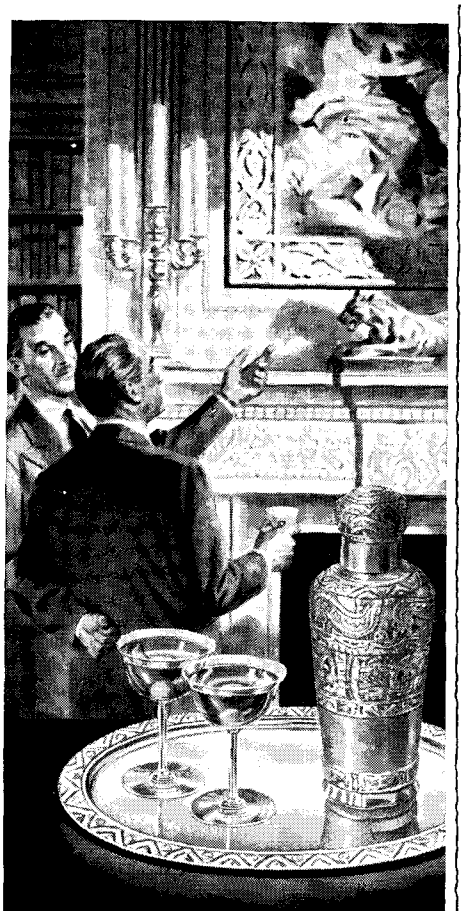

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attempt to hear him. He did this by interposing a cigar or pipe among the words which were trying to escape through teeth that had obviously been pried open only with effort, an effort with which the speaker had no real sympathy and to which he was unwilling to lend more than half-hearted assistance.

LeMay flew back to China and Norstad flew back to Washington, leaving Hansell with the job of keeping things going until LeMay could return and relieve him. Everybody knew about the shift within a day or two, which did not exactly increase the enjoyment of Hansell's last days in the Marianas or make easier for him the job of maintaining the perfectionist standards of steady improvement all up and down the line which were by then tightening up the bombing efficiency of the command in a manner that was to show, on the very next mission, what even Hansell had to admit were excellent results.

The strain of all this showed perceptibly on Hansell, which is to say that before dinner on his final night on Guam he had two glasses of sherry instead of one, that he gave in and autographed photographs for any number of officers and men who had been muttering requests for them to his aide-de-camp for the past several days, and—that last night on the veranda of the tent which served as the makeshift quarters of the commanding general of the Twenty-first Bomber Command until long after Hansell had gone—that he sang, to the accompaniment of a very young flying colonel's guitar, "Old pilots never die, never die, never die, They just fly-y-y-y-y away-y-y-y-y."

I was not one of the staff officers usually present at such gatherings, but a few of us who were not in the inner group had been invited over that last night. I was glad I had been invited. Among other things, I saw that Possum sang his song, in a voice not constructed for singing, in order to put everybody else at his ease and not to give himself the sentimental assurance which just about any man I ever knew might reasonably have been expected to bequeath to himself on such a night.

I asked Possum on one of his last nights on Guam what he expected to do when he got home. He said he had asked General Arnold, in a letter General Norstad had taken back with him, to assign him for a while as commander of a B-29 training wing somewhere in Texas or Arizona where he could get plenty of fresh air and flying, be free of administrative worries, get in good physical shape, and see a lot of his wife, his children, and his father and mother. He said he was reasonably sure General Arnold would grant this request. "Then I'll be ready for whatever comes up," he said. "I haven't had a day off in eight years and I think I'll take several when I get home."

Hansell got the Distinguished Service Medal before he left Guam, and the commanding general of the Seventh Air Force, as the ranking Air Forces general in the Marianas at the time the award came through from Washington, pinned it on him. It was not known for sure whether LeMay would be there in time for the ceremony, but he was. I wanted a photograph taken of LeMay shaking hands with Hansell at the ceremony, and I so informed LeMay. The new commanding general of the Twenty-first Bomber Command seemed surprised that anybody would want such a thing. He had kept in the background at the ceremony, smoking a pipe and hiding it in his pants pocket when the band played "The Star-Spangled Banner" and the troops of the Twenty-first Bomber Command passed in review. He started to pose for the picture holding the pipe in his hand. "General," I said, "please let me hold your pipe for you while the picture is taken." He had been trying, in a dogged, absent-minded way to get it back into his pocket, where he appeared to have some hidden apparatus for balancing it that kept the slow-burning fire in the bowl from becoming a conflagration in the pants. He handed me the pipe, doubtfully, and, with what looked to me like abject misery, asked in a barely audible voice, "Where do you want me to stand?" I turned him over to the lieutenant who was taking the picture. I didn't pay much attention after that.

I didn't pay much attention for three reasons. One was that I had read several times the very moving citation awarding Hansell the Distinguished Service Medal and I had just heard it read again by an adjutant in a loud, clear tone of voice: ". . . exceptionally meritorious service . . . in duties of great responsibility . . . as Army Air Forces member of the Joint Staff Planners, as Chief of Staff, Twentieth Air Force, and Commanding General, Twenty-first Bomber Command. General Hansell was active in the formulation of strategy in the war against Japan and in the effective employment of the Very Long Range bombardment weapon. His recommendation was a material factor in the . . . decision made by high-

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er authority to seize the Mariana Islands. . . ."

The second reason I didn't pay much attention was that I had been up all night getting the dope on what we had done to the aircraft factory near Kobe. We had hit it on the button with all our bombs in clear weather and there were some excellent photographs showing indisputably that it had been at least three-quarters destroyed, flattened, wiped off the earth. I thought we should have the picture of the two generals shaking hands, but I really didn't give a hoot in hell or heaven whether it was taken or not.

The third reason I was not paying much attention was that I was desperately afraid that I had caught a suggestion of something deeply, bottomlessly disturbing in this stocky, plain-looking new commanding general of the Twenty-first Bomber Command. Something he had done, some way he had looked, when I had asked him to let me hold his pipe, when he had handed it to me and had stepped forward, suffering, to pose for the photographer, had conveyed this suggestion to me, which I was now beginning to feel in its full force; and after all the high hours and days and nights on Saipan, after all the skull-cracking, soul-lambasting lessons I had been learning with some degree of studiousness during my three years in the Army, I found it just about insupportable. "My God," I think I was saying soundlessly to myself, "if this LeMay turns out to be another great young Air Forces general, I will desert. I will run up into the hills and hide, like the Navy radio operator who stayed up there all those months the Japs were here on Guam. Couldn't I have a lousy, easygoing, mediocre general just for a few weeks, a few days? I want to relax! I've got to relax! Dear God, don't tell me this LeMay is as good as he looked just now!"

I was interrupted. LeMay came up to me and nudged me, reminding me that he was there. "Better get some sleep," he said in a voice that barely brushed the hairs inside the ears. "Thanks for holding my pipe."

—St. Clair McKelway

(This is the second of a series of articles on the Twenty-first Bomber Command.)

•

THE LEGAL MIND AT WORK

[Rules and Regulations of the California Employment Commission, as revised, effective July 8, 1940]

Rule 57 (c) 1. The word *is* as used in paragraph (c) of said section, shall be construed to mean *was*.

LISTEN: JUNE 16, 1945

Part of the story of victory in Europe as it came through the radio receivers of 33,100,000 American families is now between the covers of a small book published by CBS. It covers the period between D-Day, June 6, 1944 and V-E Day, May 8, 1945 and touches in sequence the high points of the greatest military operation in history.

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The book went to press June 5, 1945, was published June 11, which is some sort of record in itself. There are some 30 pictures in it. If you'd like a copy, simply write "Dept. A—CBS, 485 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N.Y." and ask for *From D-Day Through Victory In Europe.* You'll find it good reading and you may want to keep it as a speeding fragment of history and sound sample of the objective information service CBS provides, around the clock and the world, for its expanding and grateful radio audience.

★

Out at KNX (CBS in Los Angeles) members of the studio audience of the *Meet The Missus* program are invited to make personal recordings which are then sent to their loved ones in the armed forces. But phonographs are not standard equipment in foxholes, so when a soldier some months ago in Belgium got a recording of his mother's voice he had to figure out a new way to play it. He inserted a pencil through the center hole of the record and asked one of his buddies to spin it. Then he stuck a postcard on one end of an ordinary sewing needle and held the other end in the groove of the recording. The postcard amplified the sound. Hard to do, but the words came out clear and endearing.

★

"Radio," writes John Mason Brown in the *Saturday Review of Literature,* "can be said to have celebrated an important birthday by both the publication and performance of Norman Corwin's V-E Day script, *On a Note of Triumph.* If you wish to realize how fully radio has matured in an incredibly short time, and to comprehend its special possibilities when it is operating at its distinguished best you have only to hear or read it."

You can read it by going to any bookstore and buying a copy published by Simon and Schuster. The Columbia Recording Corporation is now cutting records of it, so you'll soon be able to play it on your phonograph just as it was broadcast on CBS. As the years pass, it will make mighty fine listening, especially for a lot of boys who made it come true.

★

WGAN, Columbia's affiliate in Portland, Me., regularly broadcasts *Suspense* and *Inner Sanctum.* Confronted with a real-life mystery a few weeks back, the station solved it in ten minutes. In the early afternoon of May 3, state and local police were combing the countryside for a truck filled with perishable merchandise, stolen that morning from a warehouse yard. At 2:10 p.m. listeners to WGAN (who are spread out over 14 counties in Maine and 1 county in New Hampshire) heard a description of the truck. At 2:20 a woman phoned and said she had seen it abandoned on a country road near Old Orchard. The spinach was okay.

★

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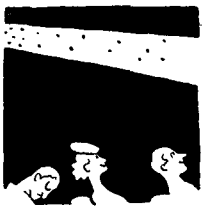
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Kaye

GIVEN adequate material, Danny Kaye is one of the most versatile and generally satisfactory comedians on the screen. This he gets in "Wonder Man," a rather elaborate fantasy in which he plays identical twins, one a carefree night-club entertainer, the other a studious type firmly anchored in the public library. The humor of this general theme was old, of course, when Shakespeare borrowed the Dromios from Plautus, and modern samples of it have usually been remarkably painful, but this one, with the assistance of some miracles of double exposure, manages to seem quite fresh and often very funny.



Since the finished story is the work of no less than six eager and fertile minds, it is naturally a little rich for easy synopsis, and I think you'll just have to get along with the main facts. The sportive twin, then, is rubbed out because he has some information that might be useful to the District Attorney and his body is tumbled into a lagoon in Prospect Park. At the moment this happens, his scholarly duplicate is in a delicatessen store buying potato salad for a beautiful librarian, and so close is the mystic rapport between the brothers that he suddenly hears elfin music and voices summoning him to the scene of the tragedy. Here he encounters the dead man's ghost, quite dry and supercilious in full evening dress, who demonstrates that he is not quite like other boys by walking through walls and permitting the stream from a drinking fountain to squirt right out through the top of his head. It appears that he is also able to take possession of his twin's body, forcing it to behave in a manner very embarrassing to a retiring man. For reasons no longer clear to me, if they ever were, the good Kaye is finally persuaded to take over his brother's work at the night club, and the rest of the picture finds him nervously involved with the gangsters, who have a feeling that a corpse ought to stay planted, with the District Attorney, who is not amused by a witness who claims he is haunted, and with two young women, one belonging to each of his identities, who are merely confused and indignant about the whole silly business. "Wonder Man" winds up on the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House, with Mr. Kaye, now disguised as a bearded baritone, singing the true facts of the case to the D. A., who happens to be occupying a box. As you can see, it is quite a plot.

Since most of the humor lies in the situations rather than the lines, or else in specialties of Mr. Kaye's which are usually delivered in a language all his own, it isn't practicable to offer samples here. I can only say that it is funny in somewhat the same way that the Chaplin comedies used to be funny, and no good, of course, ever came of the people who tried to explain why *that* was. In addition to the dual star, the cast contains Virginia Mayo, Vera-Ellen, Allen Jenkins, and Otto Kruger, all radiant in Technicolor, all without really very much to do.

"WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?," starring Fred MacMurray, is also supernatural, also in Technicolor, and, I'm afraid, just about as childish as they come. Morrie Ryskind, who once had a finger in such high-grade Broadway pastries as "Of Thee I Sing" and "Strike Up the Band," and Sig Herzig, a humorist unknown to me, somehow convinced themselves that if Aladdin's lamp could be hooked up with the war effort, the result could hardly fail to charm even the most resolute sorehead. The way it works out on the screen, Mr. MacMurray, after being rejected by the Army and his girl, a blonde who prefers gentlemen in uniform, produces a genie from an old pot that he finds in a junkyard. Naturally enough, the thing Mr. MacMurray wishes for is a military career. The Ryskind-Herzig bottle imp, however, proves to have a loose sense of time and its employer winds up in Valley Forge, where his twentieth-century knowledge of history proves invaluable to General Washington, who is still undecided about crossing the Delaware. Subsequent wishes place him aboard Columbus' flagship, and then on Manhattan Island, annoying the Indians and the Dutch.

Since each of these sequences proves somewhat more idiotic than the last, I can see no reason for burdening you with the details. Ira Gershwin and Kurt Weill, who, like Mr. Ryskind, have been associated with rational entertainments, provided the lyrics and music for

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this flight of fancy. Considering the odds, I think they put up a very nice fight.

"IT'S IN THE BAG" is one of those pictures in which a number of reasonably celebrated comedians flicker in and out, doing their best to assist the star in what is best described as a plot of convenience. In this case, Fred Allen is the constant item in the entertainment, in the rôle of a flea-circus proprietor who inherits twelve million dollars through the death of an ancient relative and then finds himself involved with a great many fascinating personalities in his efforts to collect it. While some reluctant attention is paid to the story from time to time, "It's in the Bag" is mostly a vaudeville show with Mr. Allen serving as master of ceremonies. Among the acts he introduces, with obvious disgust, are Jack Benny, in a lively though somewhat special impersonation of himself; Robert Benchley as a society exterminator, demonstrating a Rube Goldberg mousetrap; Jerry Colonna, in a moderately broad sketch about psychiatry; and Don Ameche, Victor Moore, and Rudy Vallee, who entertained me only fitfully as singing waiters in a Gay Nineties item. Reasonably enough, Mr. Allen has reserved the funniest, or perhaps the only *really* funny, number for himself. This has to do with no more than the nightmare experiences of two foolish dreamers (Binnie Barnes is the other) trying to get seats in some super-palace of the cinema, but it made me laugh. The principle of self-identification, I guess.

IN "Out of this World," Eddie Bracken, who has the head and neck formation of an agreeable snapping turtle, moves his lips in song, but the voice that comes out is that of Bing Crosby—an ingenious effect but hardly anything to detain you for the better part of two hours. Diana Lynn, a neat package, who approaches acting with the rather anxious gaiety of a lady learning to skate, is presented as the leader of a girls' band, somewhat larger and certainly handsomer than the Philharmonic; Veronica Lake is shoehorned into the plot as an executive young woman who assists Mr. Bracken's career as a crooner by employing a squad of bobby-soxers to faint at his concerts; and somewhere in the background lurk such vehement comics as Cass Daley and Parkyakarkus, whose vogues are quite mysterious to me. Mr. Bracken gives an engaging performance, but the picture itself has an impromptu air, as if the authors had made it up hastily as they went along.—W. G.

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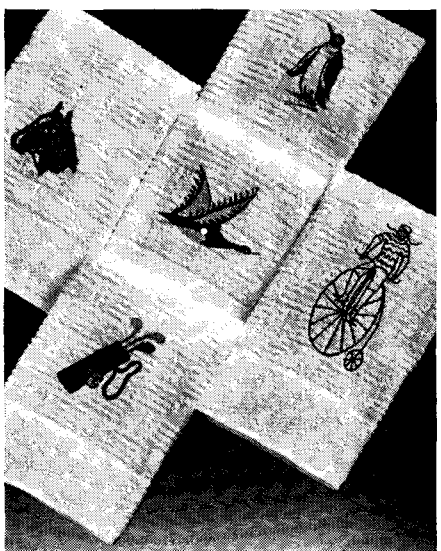

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PORTRAIT

THE group of people standing behind the artist, who was one of the exhibitors of the Village outdoor art show, had been watching him work on this one picture for a long time. In back of the knot of spectators, a tall sailor nudged the equally tall girl next to him. "C'mon," he said, taking her arm.

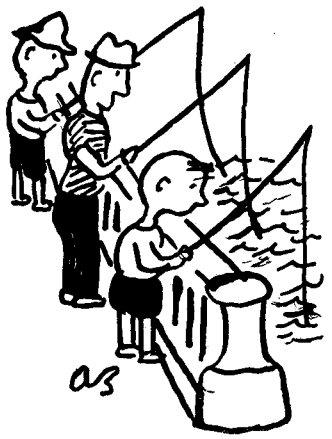
"No, wait," she answered, pulling away from him. "I want to see what he does."

"What do you think he's gonna do—leave it off?"

"Sh-h-h," the girl said. "She'll hear you," but the woman who was posing for the artist gave no sign of hearing. She shifted nervously on the small canvas stool but kept her large, plump face rigidly set and her puffy eyes focussed above the spectators' heads. Though the distractions along Macdougal Street were many, she didn't relax her pose. People walked by, turning from their inspection of the paintings on the building walls to stare at her.

"See?" the girl said to the sailor. "He's almost through now. Just the mouth."

The portrait had gone quickly at first, the artist blocking in outlines and getting a likeness with economy and competence, but as yet not even the outline of the woman's mouth had been put on the drawing board. The artist occupied himself with a shadow along the left side of the neck, rubbing down the pastel with the tips of his wiry brown fingers. He stopped for a second, looking over his shoulder as if about to speak to someone in the audience. Then he dropped both hands to his smudged work pants.



"Just a few minutes more," he said to the woman.

"I hope my husband will like it," she said. "It's a surprise. Today's his birthday."

"Oh, I see," the artist said. "It's a good idea for a present. You moved your head. Just turn it back toward me a little. A little more. There, that's it. Hold it there."

He shuffled through the box of pastels on his lap, and picked out an orange-red one, which he held in the palm of his hand. Then, after a glance at his subject, he changed his mind and exchanged the orange-red pastel for a gray one. He went back to work on the shadow along the neck, this time darkening what he had previously rubbed lighter with his fingers.

The knot of people stirred restlessly and again the woman moved on the stool. There was an umbrella over her head, on a pole attached to the stool itself, and every time she moved it looked as though it were going to come down on her. She eyed it briefly now, and then resumed her pose. She made a conscious effort at concentration that stiffened her shiny face. A drop of sweat started slowly down one cheek and slid under her heavy chin. Holding her head straight, she fumbled in her purse and fished out two crumpled dollar bills. Then she snapped the purse shut and closed her fist over the money.

The girl turned to the sailor and whispered, "Do you think he's going to put it in or leave it out?"

The sailor hitched up his pants and said in a low tone, "He ain't sure himself. He's tryin' to make up his mind."

"He's got to make up his mind," the girl replied. "That's only a two-dollar job she's getting. He's not going to waste any more time on her."

"He's wasted plenty already," the sailor said.

"Maybe," the girl answered, "maybe he's one of these real artists, with ideals. He's got to paint what he sees."

"You'd have to be blind not to see that," the sailor said, in a loud, flat drawl. Apparently the woman didn't hear them.

A black-haired boy on roller skates thundered down the sidewalk upon the spectators, then executed a deft spin, checked himself, and came to a stop in front of the easel. Hands on hips, he stared sombrely at the portrait, then at the woman, and then back at the picture. He whistled once, shrilly, and clattered off.

Momentarily distracted, the woman's gaze relaxed and wavered from audience to artist. After a few more strokes, he stopped and dropped the gray pastel into the box on his lap.

"It's a shame," the girl said to the sailor very softly. "She has such a nice

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face otherwise. And it's right where it shows so."

The wart or mole—it was hard to tell which—might have gone unnoticed on a longer, fuller mouth, but the woman's was extremely small and the blemish hopelessly conspicuous.

The sailor touched the girl on the shoulder. "Here we go," he said. "Watch. He's pickin' up the red one now."

Crayon poised in mid-air, the artist once more inspected his work. Then his eyes shifted to the woman. Slowly her head turned toward him. They looked at each other, he with upraised hand, she with a questioning half-smile on her face. Her fist relaxed and the money lay loosely in the white palm. The artist turned back to the portrait. Without glancing up again, he blocked in the mouth rapidly. Taking up a white pastel, he put in the outlines of the lips and removed the traces of shadow from the corners of the mouth.

"That's it," he said, wiping his hands on a smudged rag. "Come see for yourself."

The girl sighed. The sailor took her arm and urged her on, and the rest of the group broke into twos and threes and joined the transients along Macdougal Street.

"Boy!" the sailor said. "If they had to depend on me, they'd all starve to death."

—Leon Meadow

•

Two instances of walking have the same name because they resemble each other, whereas two instances of Jones have the same name because they are causally connected. In practice, however, it is difficult to make any precise distincton between a word such as "walking" and a general name such as "man." One instance of walking cannot be concentrated into an instant; it is a process in time, in which there is a causal connection between the earlier and later parts, as between the earlier and later parts of Jones. Thus an instance of walking differs from an instance of man solely by the fact that it has a shorter life. There is a notion that an instance of walking, as compared with Jones, is unsubstantial, but this seems to be a mistake. We think that Jones walks, and that there could not be any walking unless there were somebody like Jones to perform the walking. But it is equally true that there could be no Jones unless there were something like walking for him to do. The notion that actions are performed by an agent is liable to the same kind of criticism as the notion that thinking needs a subject or ego. To say that it is Jones who is walking is merely to say that the walking in question is part of the whole series of occurrences which is Jones.—*From "The Selected Papers of Bertrand Russell."*

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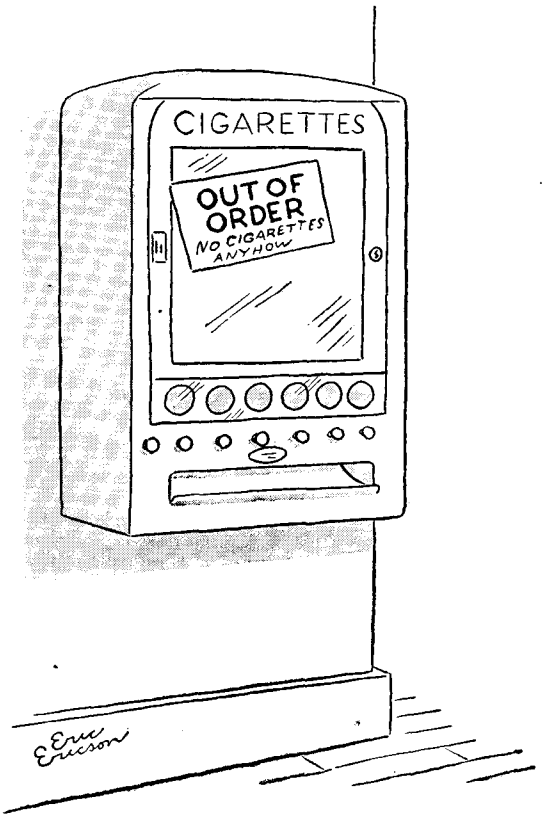
LETTER FROM PARIS

JUNE 5 (BY WIRELESS)

GENERAL DE GAULLE has just spoken against England in the French War Ministry, the Pope has just spoken against Soviet Russia in the Vatican, and fifty thousand repatriated French prisoners and deportees have just spoken for themselves in the streets of Paris. These are perhaps the three most important statements of the month-old European peace. De Gaulle's anti-English press conference was important not only for what he said but for the way he said it. The days are gone, alas, when democracies, or even monarchies, can afford to be run by born nonentities. In the past twenty-five years, Europe has become a sad connoisseur of those gentlemanly, statesmanly, nationalistic speeches which argue for peace merely as a way of putting off war, and the French, at least, thought their General's speech masterly. Certainly it is now as clear as the nose on de Gaulle's face that he has the best mind today governing in Europe and that only the countries with the luck to have brainy leaders will stand a chance in that competitive creeping toward survival which is the last lap of the race among the Continental nations.

In the dangerous Anglo-French dustup over Syria and Lebanon, involving such vital elements as petroleum, prestige, guns, riots, Allied affections, greed and guilt (on both sides), Arabs, Jews, and even the theory of native independence—or, to sum it up, a perfect postwar colonial predicament—the French press and public for once thought de Gaulle's diplomacy was marked with the practiced authority of a statesman, a statesman only nine months in office yet already competent to deal with the disagreeable events that make up the long-awaited peace. Under heckling questions, which the Paris press conscientiously printed, the General showed intellect, a long memory, an unexpected gift for acid Gallic repartee, and a truculent nimbleness that he and his renovated France will need if he ever gets down to brass tacks in future Chambre des Députés debate. His mordant sallies —such as that if France had just found herself with a gun in her hand at Damascus, England had already found herself shooting in, of all places, Athens; and that the Allies were attempting to arrange Europe without reckoning on Europeans; and, above all, that the Churchill note had been made public before it had been made private—were almost as good as if Churchill himself had made them about a couple of other parties; say, France and General de Gaulle. This press conference revealed three important new facts: first, that as a politician de Gaulle is unfortunately at his best when he is acting in opposition (not the most valuable talent for a majority leader to have); second, that it seems to the French that a militant leader who can lead out loud, as the General does when he talks as he did the other day, ought to talk and lead oftener (this century's style has not been strong, silent men); third, that it would seem that a chieftain who can face up competently to an international oil situation ought to be able to knuckle down to his country's coal bucket, now two-thirds empty.

The French citizenry's food, clothes, fireside, jobs, communications, light, and literally its life on this earth next winter depend on coal that is still under the earth. To save electricity, only telegrams about "business or important family events like birth, death, illness, or moving" can now be sent. The scarcity of coal for trains makes trains themselves so scarce that potential travellers must first have a travel permit and then stand in line for a day to reserve their ticket for the third day following. A brisk, middle-aged Parisienne, mother of three married daughters, one of whom was expecting her first in the provinces, was recently refused a travel permit by a *commissaire* who said that babies were no excuse for a journey. After making a speech about France's empty cradles, which attracted a crowd and got her a permit, she took the first, or 5 A.M., Métro to Montparnasse Station next morning to reserve her ticket. She stood there, in vain, till noon, and that night she took the last, or 11 P.M., Métro and stood before the ticket window all night. The baby was born three days later, while the grandmother was at last on her train. A long newspaper editorial entitled "Coal and the Destiny of Europe" has just appeared here. Last winter, Parisian bodies and patience were warmed by the glow of liberation and the flame of hope for the coming end of the war. There is danger that next winter the only thing that will keep Parisian bodies, and Parisian patience, at a normal temperature will be steam heat.



FROM the very founding of the liberation government, the Consultative Assembly has conscientiously described itself as being purely provisional, as existing only until such time as all the French prisoners and deportees can return home to vote and have their say. With the peace only a month old, a million of the two and a half million have returned, have not voted, but have had their say. Fifty thousand have been saying it en masse in Paris by shouting, in parades along the boulevards, for the resignation of the Ministers of Food Supply, of Justice, and of Prisoners, and by walking into shops like the elegant Old England and declaring that they want decent clothes to put on their backs. In a few spring days of freedom and shouting, the desperate men in blue-and-white-striped German prison garb got what their stay-at-home friends had unsuccessfully muttered for all winter—the dismissal of the weakest members of de Gaulle's Cabinet, and a new suit of clothes. In the Department of the Seine, all men's shoe, shirt, and clothing shops have been ordered to close while the government takes a belated inventory (and pays the idle employees), preparatory to freezing the stock. Oddly, the unpopular Prisoners Minister Henri Frenay kept his job in the shakeup, and a newcomer named Christian Pineau, who only

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three weeks before was a prisoner in Buchenwald, was given the Ministry of Food Supply. Pineau is a trade unionist, was one of the courageous founders of the clandestine paper *Libération* (now the Paris daily *Libération-Soir*), was arrested by the Pétain police and escaped from prison in Montpellier, was arrested by the Gestapo and escaped the firing squad, spent half a year in the terrible, medieval prison of Montluc, near Lyon, endured a year and a half in horrible Buchenwald, is the father of six pretty children, and perhaps knows more about concentration camps than about food in France. His opening official statement was that the black market must cease, that "the public should restrain itself with discipline," and that French restaurants must from now on serve no more meat, "not even *hippophagique*," except for Sunday and holiday dinners. He starts his task in the midst of the public's still dazed, restless hope that suffering may have produced wisdom. It was this psychology that led millions of trusting French to suppose that, after liberation, the men of the resistance would automatically lead the new way.

The returned deportees, who brought about the ex-Buchenwald prisoner's rise to office, have had a vast and disquieting effect on Paris, as these strange, estranged figures probably have had on whatever corner of Europe they have come back to, calling it home and not looking as if they belonged there. Just as European civilians who have been bombed or occupied are grimly aware that they know things which Americans are, by geographical chance, ignorant of, so civilian Europeans, and even the Paris resistance men, in turn find themselves almost meaningless to these once ordinary individuals whose awful experiences make no sense and yet entitle them to supreme consideration, provided a society which hasn't enough of anything can give it. On the sidewalks or riding in the Métro, the deportees, even when they are wearing new, civilized clothes, are as recognizable as if they were in their blue-and-white stripes. With their sheared heads and the still visible streak which the Nazis shaved from the forehead back to the nape of the neck and which makes the head look divided into two, the men move about, gaunt, hawk-faced, hollow-eyed, like living illustrations torn from the text of "The Inferno" or the "Apocalypse."

The last men out of Buchenwald brought their own morbid, modern text with them. It is a thirty-one-page re-

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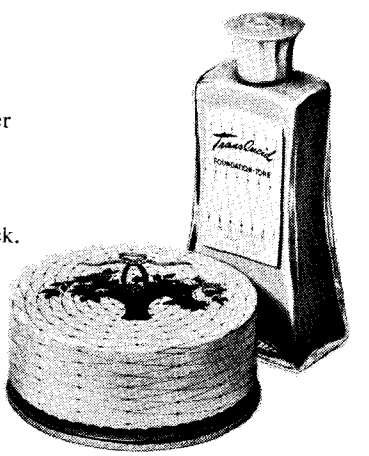

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port by the prisoners on their camp, prepared by a press committee of German, Czech, French, Russian, Belgian, Spanish, and Italian anti-Fascist deportees. Their ambitious English translation of it has an appendix headed "Souvenir! American Soldier! When You Come Home Remember What You Have Seen In Buchenwald." It lists twenty-four sights the deportees themselves will clearly never forget. No. 1 on the dreadful list says, "Remember the trestle where men were ill treated with clogs," an earnest admonition which refers to a trough with stocks for holding the prisoners' torsos horizontally, exposing their naked rumps at the best angle for beating.

Other items the G.I.s are implored to remember, so that they can tell their world at home, are "the furnaces of the crema [crematory] where 10,000 were burnt. In lack of coke, they could not accomplish cremations during some days so that up to 800 bodies lay at [in] the court. Remember the cellar of the crema where anti-fashists and combattants, among them 36 English and Canadian pilots, were hanged. Remember the stone quarry where thousands of men were obliged to carry heaviest stones in running. At least 4 to 5000 prisoners were tortured to death in this murder management [this murderous setup]. Respectively they forced in their dispair the prisoners to run through the guardian chain [the barbed wire] so they were shot at their flight. With stone racks carrying more than a hundred weight, they were obliged to mount to the quarryman in running. This commando [hard-labor battalion] had daily from 8 to 12 deads. Remember the stable where over 7000 Russian prisoners were nickshot [shot in the neck]. The Russians undressed nakedly and the Nazis pretended to lead them to the stable to a medical examination. Through a hole in the wall behind which the coward Nazi murderers hid, they killed the Russians by nickshot. Totally they murdered here cold-bloodedly 7200 Russian prisoners of war. Remember Blockhouse Number 46 where men were vaccinated with spotted typhus serum as experiment animals. Here were healthy prisoners vaccinated like experimental rabbits. Many hundreds of prisoners were sacrificed here. They tapped blood from these prisoners to make blood of it. If the prisoners had no more blood, he got syringe—i.e. he was consciously murdered. Responsible for these murders are the Nazi physicians. Remember the gerdenery [the greenhouse and garden]. All the works, chiefly ground and licquid manure carrying, were done in running [all the labor on the grounds was done by men who did not walk but ran]. A lot of prisoners break down or were flogged to death by S.S. Hans Dombäck. At the same time the gerdenery was a fine income for S.S. Dombäck who sold the products and pocketed the money."

The appendix goes on to say that the Small Camp, where newcomers were received, was so crowded—nineteen hundred prisoners in barracks built for five hundred—that men choked for lack of air. "Before every block each morning," says the report, "lay 3 to 6 bodies who were suffocated or had died soon of hunger. A regulated feeding of hygiene was impossible. In Blockhouse Number 61, 60 to 70 prisoners died daily. In consequence of water defect and impossibility of washing places, the increasing of lice, infectious diseases, and typhus was felt. Remember the Riding Hall. This pompous hall was built for the private use of the wholesale murderer, S.S. Kock. About 200 prisoners died here in using bestial methods to build quickly this hall. Remember the Dog Kennels. This was the notorious dog staff of 45 dogs, trained against prisoners who were often bitten in pieces." (There is a note about one kennel in which a prisoner, who had tried to escape and was tracked down and bitten by a dog, was forced to live, crouching like an animal and barking, as a comic salute, whenever an S.S. passed. The barking man went mad and died in three days.)

Toward the end of the list, the report says, "Remember the Mass Graves. Totally 6 to 7000 prisoners were buried here in the last weeks. We don't speak at all about a regular funeral."

The last item, No. 24, omits the admonition to remember. It is merely a vague statement, mild indeed in its statistics, considering the figures quoted in the first twenty-three items, which contains a confusing pronoun that only on careful rereading seems to refer to the finally avenging and terrible meek: "Shooting Stand. Here they [and this is the obscuring pronoun] accomplished the execution of S.S. soldiers from Buchenwald. Among the killed were at least 45 German officer women who were discerned at their delivery to the crema [who were identified as women when their bodies were taken to the crematory]. Here were hanged also numerous S.S. In the very last night before the Americans came and the Nazi

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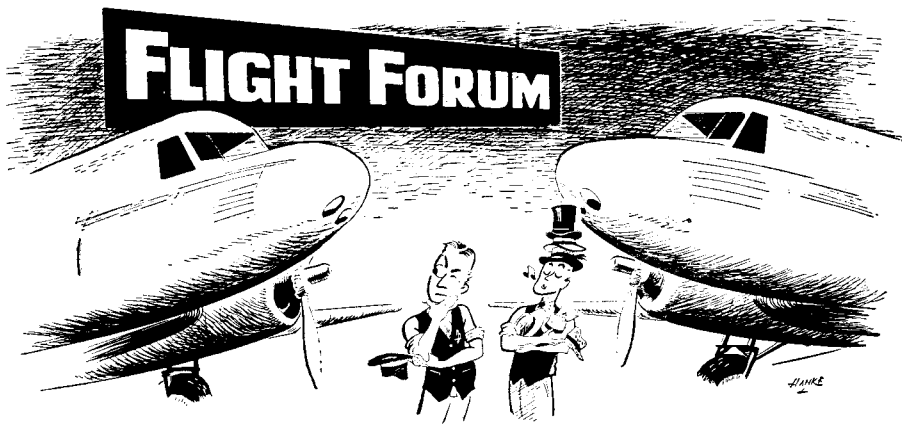
murderers fled from Buchenwald, they hanged 16 S.S. men." So ends the "Souvenir" for American soldiers, to help them remember what they saw as liberating tourists at Buchenwald.

A NATIONWIDE poll has just been taken by Le Service de Sondages et Statistiques, the local version of Gallup. It inquired, "If you were on the jury in the Pétain trial and the death sentence were asked for, would your verdict be Yes, Yes [Guilty] with extenuating circumstances, or No?" Of those questioned, seventy-five per cent declared for execution. The Marshal, whom Paris papers five years ago had to call the Saviour of France and whom they now refer to as the "nefarious old man," has been undergoing the interrogation by the *juges d'instruction* and the High Commission which customarily precedes a trial of major importance. Pétain, who is still chipper, can answer questions, and also ask his own, for two solid hours, and by his astute wriggling he has already shocked those millions who once believed in him. He has calmly declared, "I regret nothing I have done. France lost the battle in 1940. I aided her to win it. *Parfaitement!* I believe that by my watchful waiting I favored the policy of de Gaulle, because it was I who kept France going." When his interrogating judges had recovered from this, he added that he had been "surprised and made discontented" by Laval's radio announcement that "I wish for a German victory" and that he, the Marshal, upon hearing of it, had used a word he would not repeat before the judges but which signified "that Laval could not have been more maladroit." Then the still handsome old man maliciously volunteered the information that he had noticed Laval long before ever meeting him, having "noted his physiognomy, which nobody could forget." Pétain's Vichy physician, Dr. Ménetrel, who is also inculpated, has denied to the judges that he ever had anything to do with Vichy politics. "I am thirty-six years old," he said, "and whenever I said anything about politics to him he always said to me, 'Hold your tongue, lad.' "

Pétain has denied knowing anything at all about the Cagoulards, the rich, armed, Ku Klux, terrorist, Fascist league which reportedly had hoped he would make a rightist putsch; he told one startled judge that he himself must be a Cagoulard, since he knew so much about them, and then cried, "I was used as a banner carrier for all the riffraff."



There is an airline chap who will bet you a new hat — fedora, sombrero, or stovepipe — that you cannot tell a seven-year-old DC-3 passenger plane from one freshly converted on a factory assembly line from military to commercial use. You can explore both planes, peer at instruments, check Wright Cyclone engines or search anywhere you like for signs of wear. All this chap asks is a couple of minutes to mask the tell-tale license numbers.

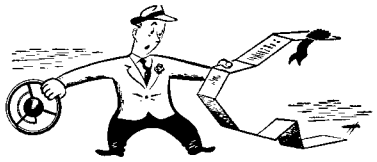
• • •

But don't bet with him. He fooled himself once, inspecting what he thought was the newest plane in the fleet until he saw the license number. That gave him an idea. An hour later, a station manager who took his bet was one hat poorer. It was a sure loss, due to the airline maintenance routine.

• • •

If you kept up your car as the airlines do planes, you would follow a pattern something like this: before each trip you would have a licensed mechanic check 75 separate items on engine, brakes, fuel line and body. Every seven days, you would replace spark plugs and take off tires and tubes for inspection. Every 60 days, (150,000 miles with Wright Cyclones) you would remove the engine for overhaul. You would have a replacement schedule for every part in the car, removing it whether or not it showed wear.

Once a year you would take everything apart — remove body from frame, fenders from body, tear out the upholstery, make X-ray and magnetic inspections. You would put in new wiring, fuel lines, hydraulic systems. Finally, you would make some 300 engineering changes a year to keep your car as modern as the latest Detroit



model. The steering wheel and bill of sale might be the only original parts still in use.

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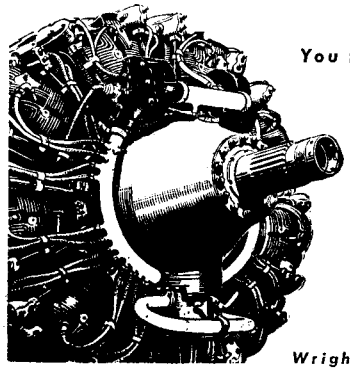
Maintenance men say there are two things they will never know: the retirement age of either a plane or an airline hostess. The plane stays new, until a more efficient model abruptly replaces it. The hostess resigns to be married.

• • •

Anytime you fly in an airliner, you are in the most perfectly maintained equipment in the world, though both planes and Wright Cyclones may have a total mileage equal to ten trips to the moon. Wars come, and cars, fringed surreys and shoes wear out, but airlines maintain planes in an unvarying pattern. It's the safe way.



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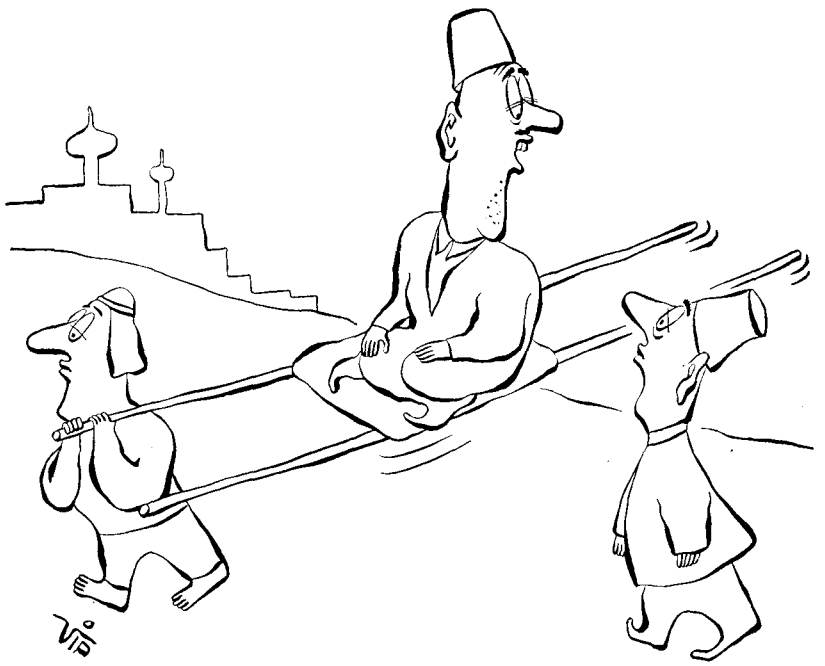

"He eats Wheaties."

Advertisement: Had your Wheaties today? *Signed:* General Mills, Inc.

To our former Ambassador to Vichy, Admiral Leahy, he recently addressed a letter begging the Admiral to appear for him at his trial, or at least to send him a written good-character reference. Neither our Embassy nor the French Foreign Office would transmit the letter to Leahy. It opens with a remarkable statement from the hero of Verdun, who later ordered his Vichy troops to fire on our troops during our invasion of North Africa: "Victory has finally crowned the efforts of the Allies. The Americans performed a magnificent task. I am not surprised, as I had watched them at the siege of Montfaucon in 1918, and I was sure they would do honor to their country. The joy which this great event gave me has been darkened by a shadow which every day grows denser. I am accused of ill serving France. . . . I am now in the position of a man who is accused of having betrayed his country when I did everything to defend it." Marshal Pétain is expected to defend his head—*défendre sa tête*—during the first fortnight in July, exactly five years after he wiped out the Constitution of the Third Republic and made to France "the gift of my person, to lessen her misfortune." —GENÊT

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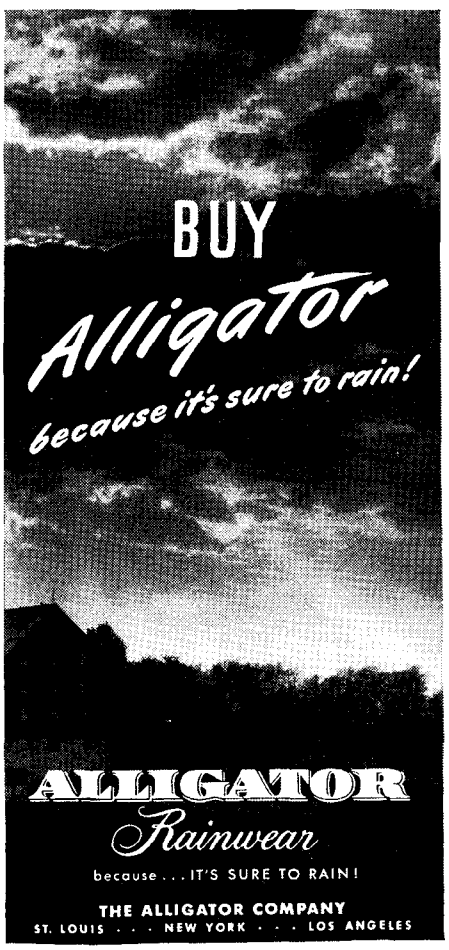
SOCIAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*Arturo Suarez in the Havana Post*]

Mrs. Carl Fischer, Mrs. Leonard Brownson, Mrs. Cesareo Diaz, Mrs. Frank Steinhart, Mrs. Mario Lazo, wife of the respectable and noted lawyer, senior for the two in the firm and over fifty others in tasks, also a number of other local American girls and women, all in an act of filling up the brush for the Community Chest, were in social appointments in short noon recess yesterday in hall of doubles, the lobby, dining rooms and elsewhere at Hotel Nacional. Some of the men, prominent in business and of a like high standing socially, were present too, as Maurice McGovern, General Electric; Burke Hedges, of big textile interests and president of the American Club; John Thomson, of Cuban Electric, and better known to employes as he, the old man, or "Don Juan," when they want to be more polite, "Don Arturo," as he said, Alex and Hamburg all three by his side and in his treat already for replacements of the third of the kind and yet in standing position, of two meanings, that guests kept straight and that the place was thickly crowded. Dave Franzblau, associate investor in local distilleries and of the large importers of Cuban brandies in the States, and his son Edward Paul, young himself and in like activities, were in also and not alone for impressions but for something, to overcome distance happily on flight back north yesterday; and Manuel Zamora, engineer, manager of shipyards, of a home and mining holdings in Holguin, Oriente, Cuba.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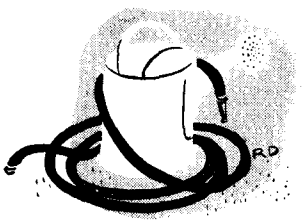
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

ABOUT THE HOUSE

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH, those accomplished housewares specialists, have gathered together some timely and useful stuff for outdoors. They have a portable spit (hand-turned, but a handyman, if you can find one, could attach a motor, if you can buy one), which is made to rest on any open grill and folds for storage; $6.50. Those small, urn-shaped clay braziers that people come back from Mexico raving about are here, too. They're $4.95, including a separate metal broiler and a fibre fan for coaxing the blaze. The things may be used outdoors or in, I am told, but it is not clear to me what becomes of the smoke from broiling when the brazier is used in a room. Maybe you'd better set it up in the fireplace. To my mind, A. & F.'s cast-iron charcoal grate with grid top would be more satisfactory for fireplace grilling, and there is no reason it couldn't be used outdoors, too. It's $9.40. And the shop still has the outdoor grill that has always seemed to me to be the handiest of all barbecue contraptions—a converted forge on wheels that includes a smithy's hand-operated blower for whipping a bed of coals to searing point in no time; $39.50. Those compartmented steel picnic plates are still on hand, too; $1.50 each, and worth it because they are good for a lifetime. For lolling in the sun while the fire gets hot, there is Abercrombie's Komfort Kot, a spring-steel number about eight inches high and covered with green duck. It's hard to beat at $5.50, even if it hasn't got a lot of klass.



AT Lewis & Conger, there is something for small fry—a six-by-four canvas wading pool whose wood frame has seats in the corners. It's $25, and the lawn gets a good drink when you drain it. As for grownup summertime objects, there are reproductions of old carriage lamps for doorways or gateways, for from around $15 a pair. L. & C. have other hard-to-find things for the country, such as sturdy luggage racks (one model, at least, is handsome enough to use as a tray stand) and those invaluable electric hot cups for heating shaving water, warming the baby's bottle, or cooking up a spot of something hot and soporific at midnight. Another mechanical aid to householding is the Speed-dry pen, a giant marking device with two soft, interchangeable nibs of different widths and a reservoir of ink which is quick-drying and indelible. Nice for inscribing packages or attic storage boxes. And, for the benefit of those who came in late, a second reminder about mothproofing. Lewis & Conger have that Feller-Jones fluid for the job, and of course you can always get the Feller-Jones people themselves to take on the work if you don't feel professional enough to tackle it yourself.

SETFAST canvas paint is back again at Hammacher Schlemmer, in time for the awning, deck-chair, and play-shoe season. Setfast, as you may well know by this time, is a plastic coating with which anyone who is able to hold a paintbrush can perk up the soiled and faded colors of canvas accessories and fibre rugs, or change them entirely. It comes in ten good, clear colors, which can be mixed together, just like paint, to achieve even greater variety. There is, by the way, a transparent Setfast, which doesn't do anything but ward off mildew—as if that weren't enough.

I'VE been around to the Museum of Modern Art, where an exhibit called Tomorrow's Small House is presenting a small-scale vision of what prefabrication may mean to postwar building, and I have my own two cents' worth to add to the opinions expressed by this magazine's Art Galleries department last week. The show couldn't be a greater contrast to the Fair's disappointing World of Tomorrow section, which, as you may recall, looked more like Sunnyside (Queens) of Last Week. The little houses in the Museum's exhibit, furnished, landscaped, and set up at eye level so you can look inside them, may or may not be your idea of perfection, but they are at least an honest, uncompromising, whole-hog break with convention, and they should help people decide whether they are on the side of the functional or the traditional in architecture.

The show presents seven inch-to-the-foot scale models of inexpensive prefabricated houses, a model of a modern dream palace by Frank Lloyd Wright, *not* inexpensive and *not* prefabricated,

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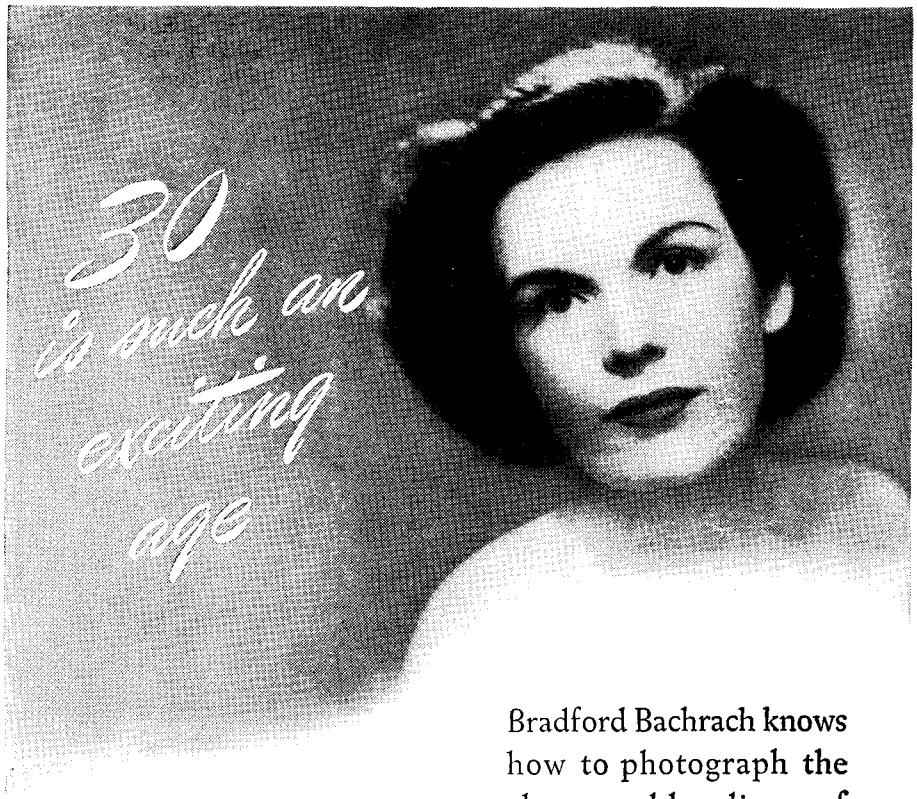

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and a toy village in which the same houses, as well as apartment buildings, shops, schools, and the rest, are set up as a planned community. The seven prefabricated houses have certain perhaps unavoidable similarities. There is a tendency to place rooms all in a row, opening off a long hall, which seems dismally reminiscent of hotel planning. In one house, this is somewhat compensated for by giving each bedroom in the row its own little walled garden (one next the other, just like Turtle Bay), which can be entered only from that bedroom—a pleasant idea no other type of architecture that I can think of would permit. Another similarity is the use of entire glass walls for living rooms, which may be all very well if you consider only daylight and fair weather. They might be less agreeable in stormy weather, when a wall of glass would present a black, rain-lashed expanse instead of a sunlit, or moonlit, garden vista. Of course, such a wall, or walls (Frank Lloyd Wright's house has three of them in one room!), could be given draw curtains. And, of course, the yardage alone of these curtains would run well into three figures—a thought for today, or tomorrow.

Nevertheless, the show is worth an hour or two of anybody's time *and* the admission fee, which is thirty cents, even if you come away feeling that a planned community of Houses of Tomorrow might be nice to visit but that it will never replace the horse. —B. B.

•

She was so attractive to the masculine eye that a young British naval officer who saw her for a few hours when she was four years old, eloped with her mother.—*Blurb on back cover of Armed Services edition of "The Strange Woman."*

In the confusion?

•

Pete's Creole Restaurant is a pleasant spot for the person who wishes to dine well. When one's in the mood for a clean place, this excellent restaurant . . . is just where to go.—*New York City Amsterdam News.*

Well, perhaps—if the mood should overtake us.

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the San Francisco Chronicle*]

FORT WORTH, Tex. (U.P.)—It wasn't because he was breaking the law that police chased a seeing-eye dog for an hour and a half.

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THE ART GALLERIES

Windup

I'VE been prowling the group shows lately, because, since they come at the end of the season, they usually give a fair retrospect of the year's output. There have been some good ones about—especially at the Perls, the A.C.A., and Contemporary Arts. But by far the best survey of contemporary American painting to be seen, though it is not confined to this season, is the newly opened exhibition of the Encyclopædia Britannica's collection, at the International Building in Rockefeller Center.

It has certain faults, to be sure. Like all the big commercial collections I've seen, it leans heavily toward the conservative, though it does not quite achieve the academic. Stuart Davis, George L. K. Morris, and Bradley Walker Tomlin are the only Abstractionists I noticed, and there are less than a half-dozen exponents of all the other styles that, despite their prevalence nowadays, are still classed here and there as extreme—Surrealism, Expressionism, and so on. This makes, of course, for an unrepresentative showing. It has a further disadvantage. A shift away from the left, artistically, results inevitably in an increase of emphasis on the right, and if most of the men in the one field are left out, it means that second-raters in the other will have to be included. As a result, the show is a little uneven in quality, and monotonous as well, in some sections. It's also badly hung at the moment, for its present quarters are far too small for the hundred and twenty-three canvases (one per painter) it contains. Since this is only temporary and the collection is to spend most of the next five years touring museums about the country, that is hardly an enduring criticism.

But if the show lacks ebullience a little, and the sparkle that a more adventurous selection might have provided, it does start one thinking about the state of American painting, and as I went through the group the other day, I found myself trying to figure out just what it is that sets our own contemporary work apart from that of most others.

I think the principal quality is earnestness. Despite the differences in styles, it shines in such pieces as Aaron Bohrod's "Waiting for the 3:30," Francis Criss's "Melancholy Interlude," Abraham Rattner's "Interior," and the fine Julian Levi "Preparing Nets." But earnestness can be a vice as well as a virtue, for it sometimes implies a lack of assurance, and then it can get a man into difficulties. We try harder than the French do, for instance; at times we try too hard, and that leads us, in some cases, into too much harshness and insistence on pattern, as in Peter Hurd's "Fourth of July" and other pieces by the Western painters; or into crowding the canvas, as in Paul Cadmus's "Gilding the Acrobats" and Reginald Marsh's "Wooden Horses;" or, again, into a tendency toward haziness and insubstantiality, as in Alexander Brook's otherwise attractive "Family Unit." Worst of all, we lack the light touch, that sort of painterly assurance that the French seem to be born with—though what they're born with, really, or are born into, is an existing painting tradition that goes back a good many generations from this one. As a result, the Britannica show has very few paintings—Julio de Diego's "They Shall Sail the Seven Seas" and Abraham Rattner's "Interior" are two I think of—that reveal anything but the most direct, head-on attack on their subject matter.

The one tradition we have developed here centers on the so-called "social protest" school. While a good deal of this group's expression is still pretty ragged, it seems on the whole to be the healthiest thing we have around, and the fact that it is largely excluded from this collection is one of the show's main weaknesses. Even so, one gets from this exhibition a sense of vigor, of exploration, that could hardly be duplicated in any other country. We may lack dash, but we don't lack honesty, and there are times, as in Edward Hopper's "Cape Cod Evening" and Francis Speight's "Tracks in Winter," among others I've mentioned in this show, when honesty pays off.

AT the Buchholz, they are having a memorial show of sculptures and drawings by Aristide Maillol, who died in France last October. Maillol certainly was one of the greatest craftsmen of his own or any day, and he had a feeling for three-dimensional

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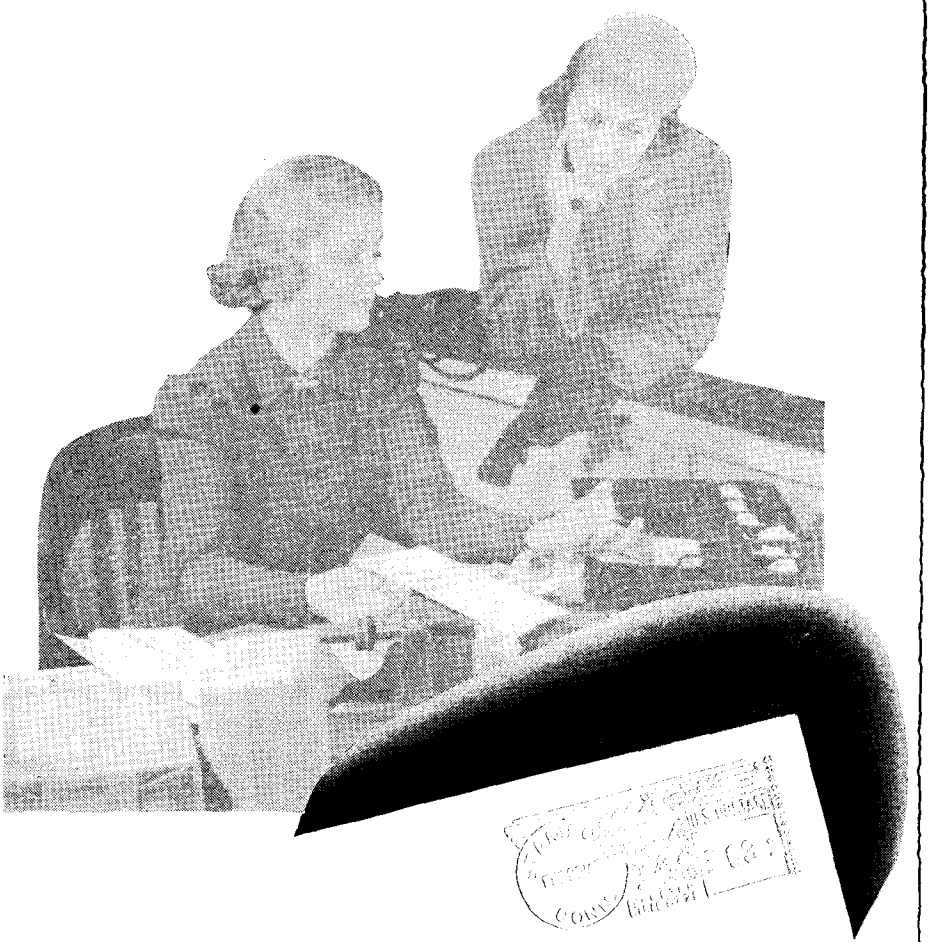

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plasticity that is hard to match. There is, however, a weakness in what he has done that in the long run is likely to work against it. He spent his life in an effort to immerse himself in the Greek spirit, and as far as form goes he succeeded. But there was something in the meaning of the form that eluded him. For all his surface pagan feeling, there was always, at bottom, a bit of the bourgeois in him; there is calmness in his work, but not serenity, and it is this split in feeling that robs that work of complete effectiveness.

It is most apparent in his larger figures, such as the big, bronze "Summer" and "Pomona," which are in the exhibition. Yet there is another of these, called "Kneeling Woman," planned as part of a monument to Claude Debussy, which, though as exquisite technically as the others, comes far closer to the true antique spirit, and among the smaller pieces there are a good many with that sunny and beautiful purity that really was Greece. I have always liked Maillol's small things better than his big set pieces. They seem freer and simpler, more naturally expressive, and one of the delights of this show is that it contains a considerable number. There are a "Nude, Head in Arms," in bronze, and a "Crouching Nude," in marble, that are infinitely graceful, and "Torso on a Dolphin," headless, armless, and designedly rough in surface texture, has all the gaiety and casual perfection of a Tanagra figurine. The wall plaques and drawings, too, should not be missed—in particular, among the first, "The Dying Warrior" and "Victory," and, among the others, the crayon sketch called "Reclining Nude." —Robert M. Coates

•

Artur Rodzinski will direct the New York Philharmonic orchestra in Mozart's G minor Symphony, Bach's Toccata and Fugue in D minor, and Brahm's Symphony No. 2 in D major over WBBM-CBS at 2 p.m. today. Dr. L. J. Stadler, head of the University of Missouri, will talk on "Hybrid Corn" during the intermission.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Well, somebody's got to say *something*, for gosh sake.

•

A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

[*From the fifty-third annual report of the Dairy and Food Division of the Iowa Department of Agriculture*]

Most farmers have a dairy herd, even if it is a small one, not so much because they like to milk but because they need the milk.

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MRS. SEMPLON'S FIFTH FREEDOM

THE war was over and Mrs. Semplon was almost bursting with satisfaction and pride. She was the very first person in all Scarsdale to have a brand-new, all-in-one-unit kitchen. It had everything. Cost had been no object. She had saved up so much money she could not spend on things that were not for sale that she could afford the best, and the best was what she had.

Mrs. Semplon's life seemed complete and she had achieved the fifth freedom. She had, of course, been guaranteed freedom of speech—which, if the truth must be told, she had never felt without—and freedom of religion, and she was chronically free from fear and want. But now at last she was free, completely free, from drudgery.

To reassure herself, she ran her fingers over the console of the gleaming new kitchen stove, pressing a key here, kicking a diapason there. She glanced at the array of clocks and dials, as intricate as the instrument panel of a Douglas transport. She smiled at each transparent plastic pot and pan, garishly cooking its contents in full view of the world. She looked into the oven, brightly lighted to its farthest corner, and as she looked, the indicators of the dial on the pellucid oven door gave a slight lurch, showing that the time had come to increase the temperature inside.

The dinner things were arrayed on a large tray, which could be wheeled into the dining alcove and there become the dining-room table. Afterward, the dishes would wash themselves, in a sink filled with detergent and hot water, and, at the push of a button, would rinse and drain themselves.

With all the cupboards and electrical refrigeration and automatic everything, there would have been nothing whatever to complicate Mrs. Semplon's life if it had not been for the flower vases and highball glasses. These were of odd shapes and sizes and did not become soiled on any particular schedule, like dishes. They had to be cleaned at off times—at least, Mrs. Semplon thought they did. She was not the sort of woman to let dirty objects accumulate until it was time to wash dishes, and besides, she had found that her new dishwasher did not function well on only a few things. To wash the glasses and vases between meals was no great chore, and for the purpose Mrs. Semplon had always used a funny little brushy swab on a long handle, with a tiny loop on the end to hang it up by. But the new kitchen had no place designed for her little brushy swab, and when she started to drive a nail into the window frame above the sink, where she had always hung it and could reach for it without even thinking about it, she suddenly realized that everything in sight was made of metal or brittle plastic and that she could no more drive a nail into it than she could into a pane of glass.

For days this perplexed and tormented Mrs. Semplon. She tried several resourceful schemes involving bobby pins, adhesive tape, and chewing gum, but none of them proved serviceable. She glared at her immaculate kitchen unit with a new feeling: the thing was uncoöperative. It was smug. It had dogmatized everything anyone could do in a kitchen and there was no place for free thinking and individuality.

MRS. SEMPLON spent more and more time in the kitchen, but lost her interest in food. She lost weight, too, and she lost her amiable disposition. She took to going around the kitchen with a hammer and nail, tapping, tapping, determined to find its Achilles' heel, the chink in its armor.

Having gone over the whole interior many times, she was almost forced to admit that the new kitchen was more inflexible than her will. She could find no place to drive that nail. At last, flushed and angry with frustration, she opened the window above the sink. The thought came to her that she could build a little shed outside the window in which to lodge the swab. She tapped the window frame—she knew the sash was metal. The frame was metal, too. In anger she gave a vicious whack at the rim of the fly screen. An almost forgotten sound, as musical and soft and seductive as a muted 'cello, fell upon her ears. She used the hammer once more, and knew she had touched wood.

With a satisfaction not to be experienced short of redecorating an entire house, she drove her nail into the wooden screen and on it hung the swab. Of course, the window had to be opened to get at it, but that took little effort, and winter was a long way off.

—EDWARD LONGSTRETH

•

HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[*Notice posted on the wall of an uptown garage*]

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★ WHAT makes a hit record? No one knows for sure. The tune is important, but so is the artist. Teaming a famous singer with a top tune from a million-dollar film doesn't guarantee a sock record, even though it's the surest and safest formula over a period of years. Sometimes an unknown bobs up with an untried song and produces a "sleeper" hit.

Andy Russell was just a drummer in a dance band when Johnny Mercer of Capitol Records asked him to record *Besame Mucho.* Freddie Slack and Ella Mae Morse came in from left field to contribute *Cow-Cow Boogie.* Stan Kenton's brilliant ensemble attracted attention with *Her Tears Flowed Like Wine.* Clever singing, combined with expert musicianship and a refreshing jazz conception, catapulted the King Cole Trio to the top with one waxing—*Straighten Up and Fly Right.*

The music biz is studded with similar examples. Deserving youngsters still find it difficult to be heard; few executives will take the time to listen; agents and bookers still prefer to deal with older, more established talent. But Capitol is proud of its discoveries. B. G. (Buddy) DeSylva and Johnny Mercer don't consider themselves executives; a good portion of their daily schedule is devoted to listening to unknowns. Capitol, as a result, will present new discs from time to time featuring new tunes, new singers, new bands, new standards of fidelity.

It's an extraordinary situation. But then DeSylva and Mercer are extraordinary guys. The recording industry hasn't been the same since they tossed their faded fedoras into the ring just three years ago this month. *And they're just getting started!*

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Concert Records

AN abridged version of Moussorgsky's "Boris Godunoff," conducted by Nicolai Berezowsky and with the Russian basso Alexander Kipnis singing the title rôle, has just been released by Victor in an album of five twelve-inch records. It is a collection of excerpts from the opera—the Coronation Scene, "In the Town of Kazàn," Boris's Monologue, the duet between Boris and Prince Shouisky, the Clock Scene, the Prayer (the duet between Boris and the Czarevitch), and the Death Scene. This would certainly seem to be a sensible selection, but, unavoidably, a few things are left out that one would possibly have liked to see included. Of course, this isn't the first time that a long opera has been boiled down to fit an album, so you probably know where you stand on the practice. I stand mildly opposed. An intelligent synopsis of "Boris Godunoff," by Alice Berezowsky, is printed on the inside cover of this album, and it should certainly be required reading for any purchaser who is unfamiliar with the opera.

Mr. Kipnis's Boris is one of the Metropolitan Opera's most distinguished portraits; he sings the rôle convincingly and with remarkable dramatic fervor. His voice is especially clear ("ringing," I suppose, is the word) in these records. Not all of the evil in Prince Shouisky (sung by Ilya Tamarin) can be fully suggested in his one brief scene with Boris, but Mr. Tamarin sings effectively enough to make a proper foil for the Czar. The other parts are sung by members of the Victor Chorale, which is directed by Robert Shaw. The orchestra is the Victor Symphony. The opera, as usual, is in Russian.

THE Second Symphony of Rachmaninoff appears in a set of six twelve-inch records, made for Columbia by the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Artur Rodzinski. The work, which was composed as long ago as 1907 and was given its première in 1910, somehow never became a concert-hall favorite and only a few recordings of it have been made. This lack of interest in the symphony is hard to understand, because, for all its gloominess (someone once suggested that it be called "Memento Mori"), it has a certain grandeur of conception. Moreover, it is consistently interesting, and a warm and appealing melody, which the composer skillfully developed and apportioned, moves through it. The performance by the Philharmonic is excellent, and it is apparent that Mr. Rodzinski is fond of the piece. He brings out all of its parts with care and clarity and pays great attention to several fragile passages that are often slighted or lost.

ONE of the favorite works of violin virtuosos is Lalo's "Symphonie Espagnole." The symphony is dedicated to the celebrated Spanish violinist Pablo de Sarasate, who, not surprisingly, gave it its first hearing. Columbia has recently released a recording (three twelve-inch discs) in which Nathan Milstein is the soloist with the Philadelphia Orchestra, under Eugene Ormandy's direction.

Mr. Milstein has performed "Symphonie Espagnole" in concerts so many times, and has performed it so well, that it has almost become his own composition. His performance seems to show he is aware the music is neither wholly French or Spanish but a combination. Aside from the interpretive problems it presents, the score is a tricky one technically, which is probably why violin virtuosos are so fond of it. Mr. Milstein's performance is precise and assured. He is one of the few violinists who can produce good tone, no matter how involved things get. —R. C. B.

•

We wish to apologize for an error in the story last week that listed Dora Naughton as a guest at a party. Our reporter turned in the name Dora Gregoroff but we knew Dora Gregoroff had married and become a Naughton so we changed the name to Naughton but Dora Gregoroff Naughton was not at the party; instead it was Dora Gregoroff, her sister-in-law who didn't used to be a Gregoroff but became Dora Gregoroff when she married Dora Gregoroff's brother.

We don't see how we ever made such a mistake.—*Kodiak (Alaska) Mirror.*

It's incredible.

•

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OF ALL THINGS

STALIN's withdrawal of the demand for a veto on discussion in the World Security Council has made our relations with the Soviet Union warmer and brighter. Citizens who have been eagerly declaring war on Russia can now take up some more useful form of work.

•

American soldiers in the Reich readily agree with W. S. Gilbert's theory that a policeman's lot is not a happy one. It turns out that there are eighty-one kinds of Germans who are subject to arrest.

•

Judge Jonah J. Goldstein, a prominent candidate for Mayor of New York, says that his credo is "I like people." Whether this affection is mutual or unilateral will be revealed in due time.

•

France has given its citizens new money in exchange for old. By this operation, the vast amounts of French currency stolen by the Germans during the occupation have automatically become hay.

•

The decision of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals in the *Esquire* case suggests that it is the duty of the Postmaster General to deliver magazines rather than to read them. Henceforth, he need not bother his busy head about what people are or are not wearing.

•

The House of Representatives is apparently determined to vote its members a substantial, tax-free raise to enable them to balance their own budgets. The Little Steel Formula, these statesmen feel, was never intended to apply to the lawmaking trade.

•

Premier Suzuki declares that the Japanese will fight to the bitter end. Tokio, it would seem, feels that the time has come to put suicide on a really constructive, nationwide basis.

•

The O.P.A. is going to let motorists take the A, B, and C stickers off their windshields. From now on, drivers should have a better chance of finding out what's going on in the world.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

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THE RACE TRACK

Three in a Row

THERE is so much good racing all over the place these days that this department could do with a small magic carpet. Even a reprocessed one would be fine. Fortunately, the best race last week was the Metropolitan Handicap, at Belmont Park. I may say, with only a trace of smugness, that weeks ago I suggested that Devil Diver was the top horse in training. He carried 129 pounds in the Metropolitan, gave big weight to everything except Apache, followed the pace until he was three furlongs from home, and then slipped through on the rails, winning by lengths from Alex Barth and Boy Knight. That performance will do until a better one comes along. It was the third time Devil Diver had won the Metropolitan, something no other horse has done in the fifty-odd renewals of the fixture. Perhaps Devil Diver would have made it three straight in the Toboggan Handicap, too, if the track had been fast. However, a combination of circumstances—the sloppy going, his big weight of 135 pounds, the fact that he wore smooth shoes, and the fact that Apache, who won, outdid himself—was too much for him. As for Apache, he had never won at Belmont, although he tried lots of times in the last four years, until he took the Toboggan last week. One explanation for his reversal of form is that this year he trained at Belmont all spring while the Aqueduct course, his home grounds, was being renovated. Apparently you *can* teach an old horse new tricks.

FEW of us racegoers ever dreamed that Pavot would be beaten in the Withers Stakes. The obvious thing to say is that he wasn't ready for a hard race, and that maybe he wasn't such a champion anyhow, even though he won the Futurity, the Hopeful, and half a dozen other little numbers last year. Of course, if he wins the Preakness at Baltimore on Saturday, as I fancy he will, the story will be something else again. Pavot hasn't grown much since last fall, but I'm assured that great size is not a characteristic of his family. Also, he looked a mite soft. On the other hand, Polynesian, who beat him by a head, was all wound up. Perhaps, too, Woolf, Pavot's rider, should not have brought him up along the rails in the run through the stretch, because the going is supposed to be heavy there. Still, Devil Diver ran over the same ground in the Metropolitan and it didn't make any difference to him. On time, the Withers was a pretty poor race; the early pace was slow, and it took nearly twenty-seven seconds to run the last quarter of a mile. I can't help feeling that this isn't a vintage year for three-year-olds. One thing is certain—horseplayers won't be in a hurry, for a spell, to back anything at odds as short as those on Pavot. Diogenes Checkpoints reports that many of those merry black-market men who are having difficulty in getting thousand-dollar bills changed showered them down on Pavot to win and then wept when the mutuels board indicated that he paid as much to place and show as he would have to win.

AS for other races at Belmont worth remembering: Beaugay, whose light, airy action is still something to talk about, beat Enfilade in the Fashion Stakes; They Say, a lively dark brown colt by Roman, won the Juvenile Stakes on his first time out; and Gallorette romped off with the Acorn Stakes. Some observers believe that if Gallorette were in the Preakness she'd win it. That's as may be, but she does at least look like a good thing for the Pimlico Oaks.

SO Hoop Jr. won the Kentucky Derby after all. To be quite frank, I didn't think that he would, for a number of reasons. My strongest was that he had such a fast workout only three days before the race—a mile and a furlong in 1:51 3/5 or some such, which is fast enough to do many horses in. Another was that the track was muddy and that nobody knew how well he could run in the going. Another was that he drew an outside post position, a disadvantage in a large field. I was wrong on all counts.

I did the Kentucky Derby by radio again this year, but even if I had been at Churchill Downs there would be little to tell you except that Hoop Jr. led all the way and the fifteen other starters scrambled helter-skelter behind him. Offhand, I'd say that Arcaro deserves more credit than the horse. After Hoop Jr. was beaten in his first start at Jamaica, Arcaro, who rode the winner

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of the race, asked Ivan Parke, Hoop Jr.'s trainer, if he could ride the colt in the Wood Stakes. Arcaro is one of the few jockeys who can handle their own mounts and also see how well the other horses are running in a race, and Hoop Jr. interested him. Parke was delighted, because Hoop Jr. needed a rider who was quick at the start. Naturally, when Hoop Jr., with Arcaro up, won the Wood, Arcaro was booked to ride him in the Derby. Being under contract to the Greentree Stable, Arcaro might have had to stay in New York to ride Devil Diver in the Metropolitan that same afternoon, but stables seldom are stuffy about such things when a boy has a chance for a Derby fee. Hoop Jr.'s share of the purse was $64,850, of which Arcaro received ten per cent, plus travelling expenses. And Devil Diver won his race anyway.

The seventy-first Kentucky Derby winner is a flashy bay colt by Sir Gallahad III out of One Hour. He was bred by R. A. Fairbairn and sold for $10,200 at the Keeneland yearling sales in 1943 to F. W. Hooper, the owner of a very successful construction company in Jacksonville, Florida. He was named after Hooper's small son. Hooper, who is one of the more enthusiastic newcomers in racing, recently started a thoroughbred breeding farm near his home in Montgomery, Alabama, the first in the state in nearly a century.

I also heard the Derby Stakes at Newmarket over the wireless last weekend, and if I must make a comparison, my vote goes to the B.B.C. The B.B.C. gives you an idea what the horses in the race look like and how the race is run, and no nonsense about extraneous matters. Incidentally, Dante, who won the Derby Stakes, must be a nice colt.

NOTES ON AN OLD RACE CARD: This weekend the Suburban Handicap at Belmont. What price Devil Diver? . . . Colonel Martingale wonders if all the bookmakers really will be shooed off the course. . . . The Saratoga meeting will be held at Belmont, as this department suggested, but I really must credit Governor Dewey with a brave try to get the meeting back to the Spa. —AUDAX MINOR

•

Discovery in the Hudson River in the last few days of parts of four human bodies wrapped in burlap bags leads police of Edgewater, N.J., to believe they have evidence of several murders.—*The Herald Tribune.*

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BOOKS

The Perils of Lanny Budd

MOST publishers' blurbs come under the head of misleading advertising, but the ones that have been printed on the jackets of the six novels that make up Upton Sinclair's Lanny Budd series are quite honest and exact. "Dragon Harvest" (Viking), the latest volume in the series, is called a novel of "the terrifying days from Munich to the fall of Paris, while an apprehensive world watches Europe yield to the German war machine;" "Presidential Agent," an earlier installment, is described as the story of how "Lanny Budd, born to wealth and educated in the councils of the mighty, assumes his most perilous international rôle;" and "Dragon's Teeth," which won the author a Pulitzer prize, is said to be a tale of our modern world, "the mighty, the famous, and the infamous." What most impressed me about these descriptive passages, aside from their essential correctness, is their close resemblance to the high-octane advertising that Hollywood exports with its films—particularly the blood-and-thunder serials that do not always get to the big cities but that help to make Saturday night the kind of night it is in small towns all over the country. The Lanny Budd books have been praised so highly by Thomas Mann, H. G. Wells, Albert Einstein, and Bernard Shaw that I feel some hesitancy about entering a dissenting opinion, for, to come right out with it, they struck me as being just about the weirdest books I have ever read. There is something engaging about them, as I hope to show later on, but what they add up to is more or less what Pearl White added up to in the early motion-picture serial called "The Perils of Pauline." The trimmings are fancier, and Mr. Sinclair's purpose is deadly serious, but the basic ingredients and the general effect are the same.

I am not going to try to trace Lanny Budd's history from the beginning of the series; the forty-three hundred and thirty-nine pages (ten pounds net) that Mr. Sinclair has used to follow his adventures would be difficult for even a python to swallow. So, for that matter, would be the mere seven hundred and three pages that are bound within the covers of "Dragon Harvest." This novel begins, just before Munich, with Lanny splashing about in the center of the pre-war Riviera social swim, which included such swimmers as Maxine Elliott, Winston Churchill, and the Duke and Duchess of Windsor, and ends with him standing near Hitler in Paris while the German dictator looks upon the tomb of Napoleon. A lot of things happened between Munich and the fall of France, and Lanny, who manages to get places in a way that makes Superman look flat-footed, doesn't miss one of them. Though he pretends to be an art dealer, he is actually a secret agent for Franklin Roosevelt, and *what* a secret agent he is! When Hitler is planning his march into Poland, Lanny is a guest at Berchtesgaden, where Hess and Goering are his particular intimates; when the King of Belgium surrenders to the Germans, Lanny, along with Pétain, is in the apartment of a lady who is supposed to be the mistress of the French Premier, Paul Reynaud, and he agrees to act as a liaison man for the French and British appeasers; he learns, among various other things, of Hitler's intentions to invade Norway and Holland and warns these countries of the danger that threatens them; he also finds time, in between these activities, to get involved with several women and to have long conversations with Chamberlain, Churchill, Roosevelt, all the members of the Nazi hierarchy, and a few dozen other persons of only slightly less international importance, and finally, after Dunkerque, he again visits Hitler, this time to find out the German plans for the invasion of England. Mr. Sinclair couldn't possibly have put the customary "The End" at the bottom of the last page of "Dragon Harvest," because where and when this series is going to end is something in the nature of a secret between the author and his Maker, but I felt that he should have put something, anyway—something like "Don't Miss Chapter Seven: 'Thunder over Teheran, or, With Gun and Camera Down the Big Three.'"

Impossible as it is to take Mr. Sinclair's catch-as-catch-can wrestling with current history seriously as literature, it

"Always remember, other people are just as afraid of you as you are of them."

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But not many! So it is for a brief time only, that new members may be added to the painfully limited membership.

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The books to be distributed to the members in the next twelve months are listed and described in a handsome Prospectus which is just coming from the bindery. The artists, designers, printers are now at work upon them. (The photograph printed here is of previously-distributed titles. If any of the titles described in this Prospectus fail to interest a member, he may make substitutions from a long list of such titles.)

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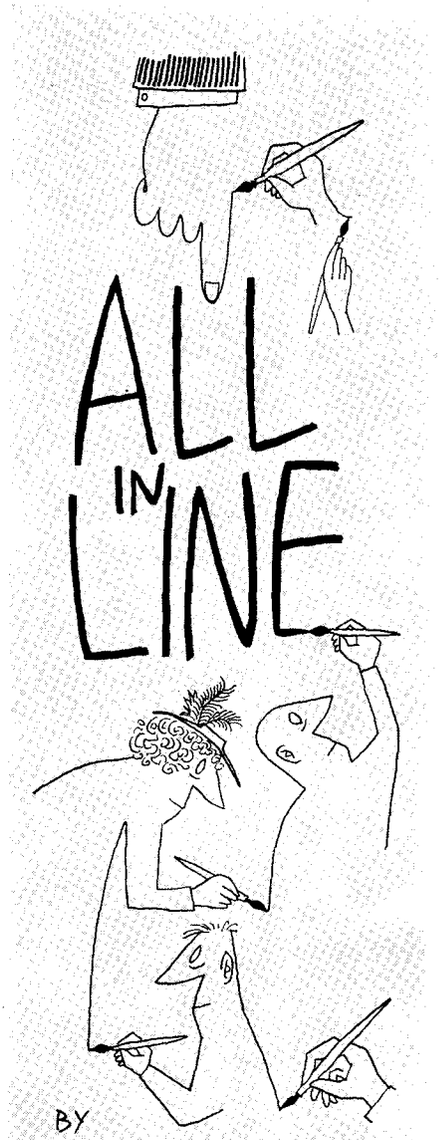

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DUELL, SLOAN AND PEARCE

is even more impossible to take it seriously as history. This would be somewhat beside the point were it not for the fact that Mr. Sinclair has announced that he thinks of himself, so far as his Lanny Budd novels are concerned, as a historian. He is portraying world events in story form, he has said, and he has taken the trouble to assure us, in his preface to "World's End," the first volume in the series, that what he has written about the world-famous figures that appear in his pages is "factually correct." Both of these statements puzzle me. I find it hard to understand how Mr. Sinclair could ever have imagined it possible to do a quick rewrite of world events from 1913 to 1940 and get anything but what he has given us—a literary hybrid that is both questionable as history and inferior as fiction—and I find it equally hard to understand how he can assert that his information about Churchill, Chamberlain, Hitler, et al., is "factually correct." The truth of the matter is that it is only as correct (or incorrect) as are the newspaper and magazine clippings from which Mr. Sinclair gleaned it—a correctness he can no more vouch for, *not* having sat with Churchill on the edge of Maxine Elliott's swimming pool, *not* having visited Hitler at Berchtesgaden, *not* having been in the boudoir of Paul Reynaud's putative mistress, than he can vouch for what George Washington had in his pants pockets at Valley Forge. It is the "factually correct" passages of the Lanny Budd series, furthermore, that make it impossible for it to be believed in. When Lanny is being interested or uninterested in a girl, or going through the motions of being a secret agent, or even thinking some of his thoughts, he has a certain amount of credibility; let him get involved with the "factually correct," though, and credibility disappears.

There is, however, as I have said, something engaging about these books, or, to be more exact, about Mr. Sinclair. He puts on this fantastic performance with the same straight, earnest face that he showed to the voters of California when he was running for Governor, and he apparently never suspects that, in writing such lines as "Hess said, 'The Führer is at the Berghof. . . . I will tell him you are here, and see how he takes it. Doubtless he will have to blow off some steam,' " he is being not dramatic but funny. He is so serious about the perils of Lanny Budd, though, and so plainly convinced of the value of these books about him, that it is very hard to charge him with being indifferent to all the values of literature or to remind him that he is still doing (or trying to do) what he did years ago in "The Jungle." Mr. Sinclair's literary point of view, it may be suspected, hasn't changed very much since he wrote, in 1904, "So long as we are without heart, so long as we are without conscience, so long as we are without even a mind—pray, in the name of heaven, why should anyone think it worth while to be troubled because we are without a literature?" Mr. Sinclair, obviously, is no more troubled now than he was then, and the Lanny Budd novels are written in much the same spirit and with the same intent as "The Jungle," except that instead of being the muckraker of the packing industry, as he was in the earlier book, he is now trying to be the muckraker of the world. This ambition reveals not only Mr. Sinclair's perpetual crusading, missionary spirit but also a certain kind of innocence—an innocence that belongs to the optimistic period before the first World War, when it seemed to many people that the muckrake was a powerful enough weapon to slay all the dragons of social and political evil. Such innocence seems almost naïve today, and Mr. Sinclair also seems naïve at times, yet, along with the naïveté, there is a bravery and gallantry, too. The muckrake may be covered with rust and hardly more effective than a slingshot, but Mr. Sinclair, knowing no other weapon, and also knowing that the dragons are still there, will not put it down. It would be churlish not to wish him good hunting.

—HAMILTON BASSO

VERSE

IN the autumn of 1941, this department was baffled by the problem of how to deal with William Rose Benét's "novel in verse," "The Dust Which Is God," published by Dodd, Mead. For Benét's long piece of narrative, with interpolated lyrics, was not, in fact, a novel at all but a piece of disguised autobiography. Real people, under masks of varying thinness, moved around in it, and the theme proceeded without a

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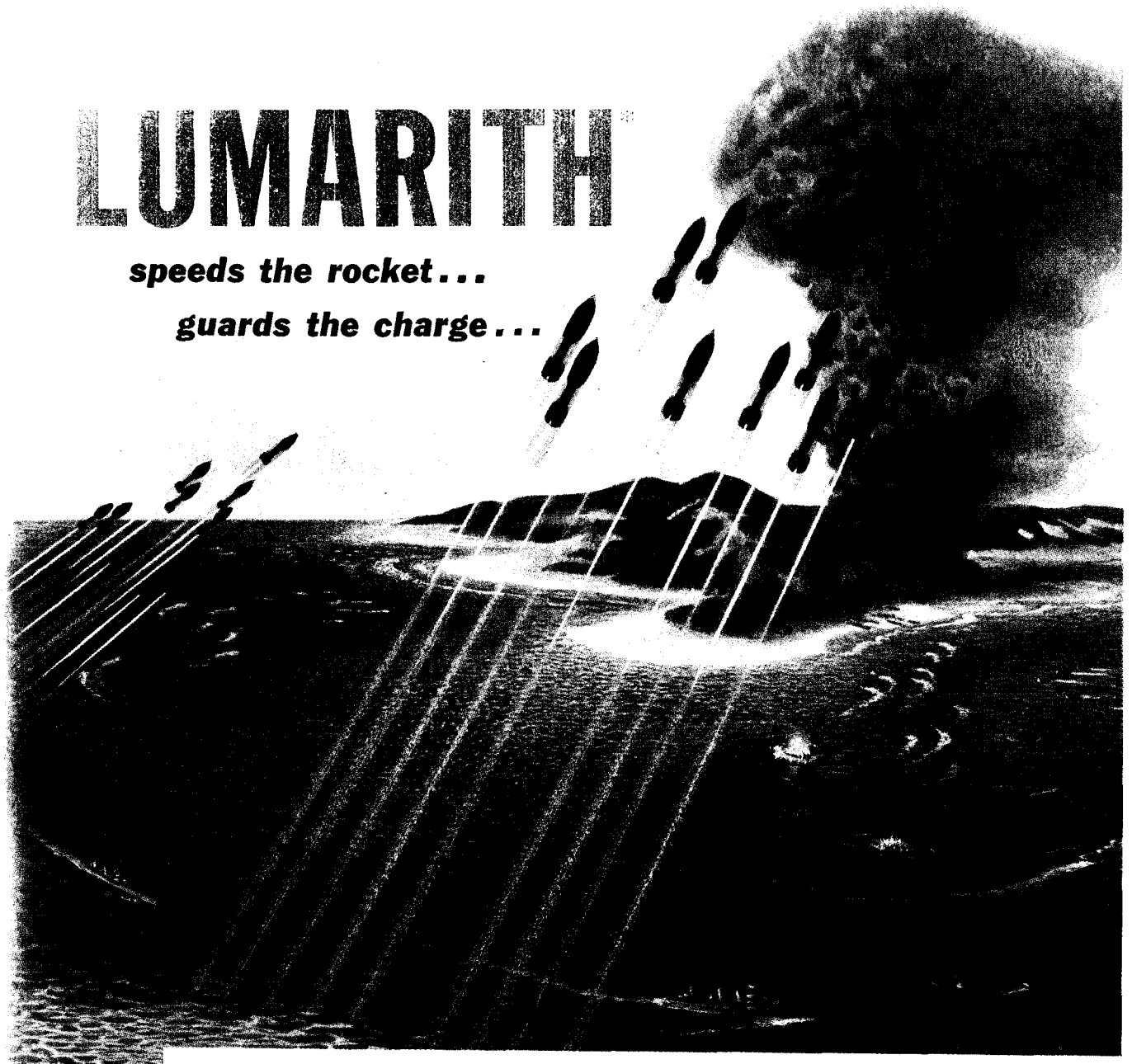
guards the charge . . .



". . . Coming in from behind . . . were the rocket ships . . . decks alive with action . . . rocket-gear hoisted . . . rockets sizzling like a fire hose . . . the Japs were shooting back. The blue water before the rocket ships was spouting now . . . but still they kept going in . . ."

From the first eye-witness account of the invasion of Okinawa, by CBS correspondent Webley Edwards, broadcast on the Columbia Broadcasting System, Sunday, April 1st.

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touch of that satire which might have shown the author to be detached from his material. Then, one could see only too clearly what fun the author was having as he twined his hero around and around with the threads of modern history and modern life. The most fashionable kind of "social protest" ran through the maze. The emotional tone was adolescent and the author's lack of perspective kept landing his hero in poetic passages of incredible bathos. How could one be severe with such an effort without seeming—since real life was involved—either malicious or rude? The book, therefore, was not reviewed in these columns. It promptly won the Pulitzer Prize and went rapidly through four printings. It is now being published once more, this time by Knopf.

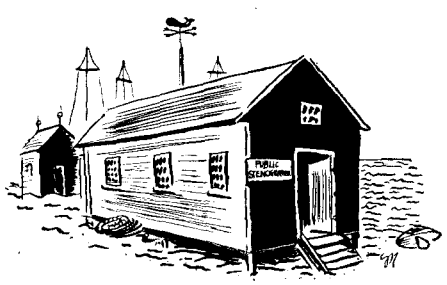
A lapse of almost four years, and the intervening laurels, leave the basic question unchanged. Dealing with this work on the only feasible terms—the broadest and most abstract—two comments can be made. First, the poem fails technically because it is based on the shaky assumption that poetry can be written to sound like prose (or vice versa). Second, the poem is restrained from rising to the heights toward which, with every line, it undoubtedly aspires, because the author is throughout unconquerably naïve. Poetically, what kind of satisfaction are we supposed to draw from:

> Daphne laughed most gratifyingly... Ensconced at Scarpio's they talked of Ernest Hemingway Picasso Les Deux Magots capriciousness of waiters nationality in drinks the Volstead Act

Intellectually, are we to laugh or weep at a long narrative wherein the hero never wakes up to the fact of his compulsions, at a chief protagonist who responds to the facts of materialist and capitalist corruption he so meticulously records with actions which never depart from a Romantic-genteel code? At this late date, what is there to say about a writer who rolls along on the rhetoric that his contemporaries have sweated to stem; who seems unaware of Joyce, Jung, T. S. Eliot, Gide, and so on and on; who seems never to have heard of certain great modern (as Auden describes them) "candid studies of the body and mind of man;" who, it appears, has missed the words of the same young contemporary:

> Nor was every author both a comforter and liar;
> The sense of guilt was recorded by Kafka;
> There was Proust on the self-regard...

Mr. Benét has always sided with those who think that there is something vaguely naughty about complexity. But he here fails because of his inability to be complex. He has written a good old-fashioned middle-class melodrama. The radio audience, in its present state of development, might welcome it, if it were completed by sound effects. But for readers who do their best to live in the full glare of modernity—no.



ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN is another writer whose productions elude formal critical attention. The publishers' blurbs that year after year accompany new Coffin works are enough to leave the critic gasping. "[Mr. Coffin] has lectured . . . ," runs the descriptive leaflet accompanying his new volume of verse, "Poems for a Son with Wings" (Macmillan), which, as usual, is rather pretty, in a sentimental, mildly Frostian way, "at hundreds of colleges and clubs across America, has been on the staff of the Writers' Conference at the University of New Hampshire since its foundation, has been Phi Beta Kappa poet at Harvard, Virginia, Tufts, William and Mary, Hamilton, Bates, and so on. He is as well known in Oklahoma, Illinois, Texas, Georgia, Missouri, Florida, Virginia, and Indiana as he is in New England and the East. Many thousands have heard him read and lecture. The Harvard University Vocarium records in the Modern Poets' Series have given Mr. Coffin's voice to the public at large in readings of twenty-odd of his best poems. . . . This man writes, tells stories, draws pictures, and gardens. . . . He has published twenty-nine books. . . . He does most of his writing late at night. . . . He believes he can say the best things about life then, which he maintains poetry is honor-bound to say."

THREE small volumes of poetry have recently appeared which make very small claims in comparison. These are "Cut Is the Branch," by Charles Edward Butler (Yale University Press); "A World Within a War," by Herbert Read (Harcourt, Brace); and "Like the Root," by George Zabriskie (Coward-McCann). All three poets are rather quiet and un-self-regarding. Herbert Read, an Englishman, is older than the two Americans,

You haven't lived until you've met the cutest little blonde lovely ever to be found between the covers of a book

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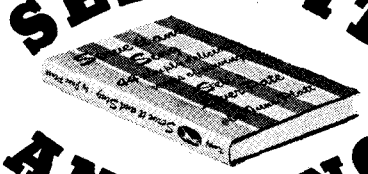

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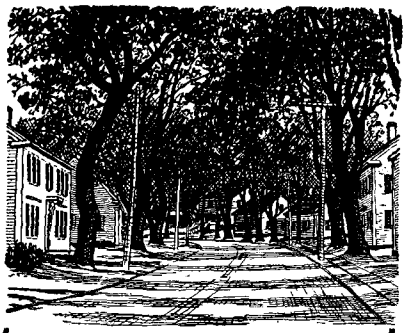

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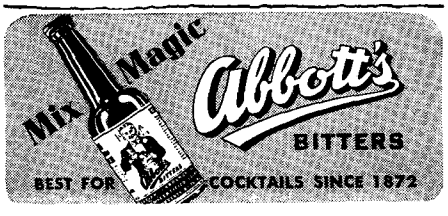

but shares with them insight and a kind of gentle control over himself and over his material. —LOUISE BOGAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE INQUEST, by Robert Neumann (Dutton). A young refugee is found dead, a suicide, in a cheap London lodging house. Between the discovery of her death and the coroner's inquest, an Englishman who has casually spent the night before the suicide with her collects evidence to reconstruct the girl's life. Here is what at first appears to be a very superior mystery story, but little by little there emerges, from under a tight web of the most expert construction, the whole horror of Nazism, caught like a hideous insect for our inspection. The novel reveals no more than what intelligent people already know about the contemporary international tangle, but Mr. Neumann presents the spectacle with such originality and insight that the effect is both exciting and profoundly disturbing. The newly acquired English of this brilliant Austrian author has an individuality that gives his prose an added sharpness.

A SWEEP OF DUSK, by William Kehoe (Dutton). If you have read the large annual crop of prize-winning first novels, you may have speculated on the uncertain future of the prize-winning young authors who turn out fiction that is neither very good nor very bad but is apparently better than that of a considerable number of other contestants. Mr. William Kehoe, who, at the age of twenty-two, has carried off one of the Avery Hopwood awards, is not a subject for such conjecture; he is unquestionably that unusual specimen, a born writer, and it will be surprising if he doesn't develop into an important one. His first novel is the story of an intelligent, extremely introspective boy set against a background of family life in which closeness is mistaken for affection. For a while the boy escapes the tyranny of his home by trying to conform to the conventions of a particularly dull brand of undergraduate life in a Midwestern college. In the end, he returns to the family and to his hysterical mother, who, through her very weakness, manages to keep a death grip on him. In spite of the fact that Samuel Butler has told it all before, Mr. Kehoe's story of the destructive force of parental possessiveness makes an extremely interesting novel.

THE TROJAN BROTHERS, by Pamela Hansford Johnson (Macmillan). A tragic story, but one with nice psychological trimmings and a good deal of shrewd cockney humor. The book, laid in England between the two world wars, gets its title from a London music-hall act in which the hero and his friend impersonate a horse. Nothing important, but lively entertainment in spite of its unhappy ending.

JASSY, by Norah Lofts (Knopf). Just in time for the let-your-brain-rest season comes one of Miss Lofts' agreeably written, extremely readable novels of bygone days in England. This one concerns a poor girl who, driven by an unreturned passion for a young neighbor, is able to achieve for him, through her death, his great ambition. Her story is effectively told by four characters in the book who knew her at various periods of her life—the young man she loves, a Lesbian schoolmistress, a rich and beautiful school friend, and, finally, a half-witted servant girl who sees visions. The action takes place in Essex in the eighteenth century, but Miss Lofts, who is commendably opposed to the God-wot school of historical fiction, has gone too far in the opposite direction this time, and her middle-aged Lesbians, catty school girls, and, indeed, life in general sound rather startlingly contemporary.

STRONGER THAN FEAR, by Richard Tregaskis (Random House). Incredible as it may seem, the fighting of our troops inside Germany has already been made the subject of a novel. It's a hastily written and not overly perceptive novel, but the fact that it is here at all must set a record for literary hustling. An honest account of any aspect of this war is bound to be interesting, and Mr. Tregaskis is unquestionably an honest reporter. His examination of the heart of a soldier in the midst of the terror of battle seems, however, just a little too smooth.

PICCOLA, by Helen La Penta (Harper). The very simply told story of a winning little girl who recalls her early childhood in a convent in Rome and with her grandparents in a small Italian hill village. Later, she goes to live with her father in New England and in New York, but it is the unfamiliar early background that gives charm to the narrative, which

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becomes tedious once the child begins to grow up in America.

No Hiding Place, by Terry Morris (Knopf). It is possible that young women who have followed their husbands from camp to camp may find a certain pleasure of recognition in this Army wife's pedestrian little story of Army wives, their tribulations, and their hastily snatched joys. The theme is a moving one, but Mrs. Morris writes with neither the perceptiveness nor the wit to produce more than a rather commonplace narrative.

GENERAL

The Scandalous Adventures of Reynard the Fox, by Harry J. Owens (Knopf). A new version, and a good one, of the minor classic that William Caxton translated into English in 1481. Carlyle called it a "wild parody of human life;" Goethe, who put it into verse, called it nothing less than a *Welt Bibel*; Froude, the English historian, said it was "the most exquisite moral satire . . . ever composed." The gentlemen knew what they were talking about. Illustrated with thirty-four water colors by Keith Ward.

Dan Sickles, by Edgcumb Pinchon (Doubleday, Doran). Of all the swashbuckling romantics who ever rode the waves of American history, Dan Sickles, whose first full-length biography this is, was one of the most extravagant. Sickles, known in his time as the Hero of Gettysburg, because he lost a leg in that battle, after having had a crowded career that included interludes as printer, lawyer, congressman, and diplomat, went to Spain as United States Minister following the Civil War and, operating with American efficiency, became the lover of the Queen of Spain in a few weeks and acquired the unofficial title of the Yankee King of Spain. Mr. Pinchon writes biography as if he were writing fiction, but, considering the flamboyant nature of his subject, this is probably all to the good. Illustrated.

They Seek a City, by Arna Bontemps and Jack Conroy (Doubleday, Doran). The story of the Negro migration from South to North, since the days of the Underground Railroad up to today. The authors have selected from their obviously vast supply of material only facts and figures that are both pertinent and interesting, and have managed to avoid most of the sociological clichés that

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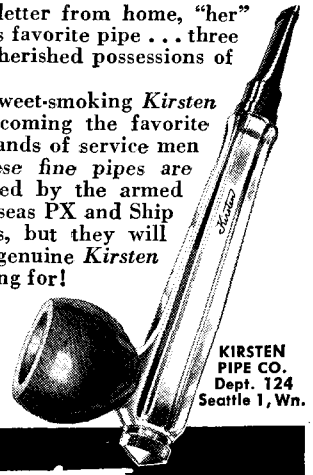

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PREKASKA'S WIFE, by Helen Wheaton (Dodd, Mead). Almost any young woman who can write a readable sentence, and who goes to live somewhere along the edges of civilization, can manage to get a book published. Mrs. Wheaton, who qualifies on both counts, and has accordingly got a book published, has an extra qualification in that she knows something about telling a story. It's a fairly simple story—her experiences in the Aleutians, where she spent a year as a storekeeper's wife—but, thanks to her careful and sympathetic observation of the Aleuts, it is one that has considerable interest, some humor, and even a little charm.

ANNALS OF THE NEW YORK STAGE, VOL. XIV, by George C. D. Odell (Columbia University). The facts, fancies, and foibles of the New York theatre from 1888 to 1891 in an encyclopedic volume, the fourteenth in a series that, when completed, will be a complete history of the local stage. Much of the material in Mr. Odell's pages seems hardly worth the trouble to dig it up, but here it is, from "A la Cascade" to "Z'widerwurzen," in a sound and lively segment of the town's social history.

THE ASIAN LEGACY AND AMERICAN LIFE, edited by Arthur E. Christy (Day). Kipling's line about East and West being unable to meet is, according to the evidence in this collection of nine essays, as wrong as a line could be. The two cultures have cross-fertilized in many ways—in music, in art, in agriculture, in religion, in literature—and the debt of the West to the East, as this volume shows, is almost immeasurable. Essays by Curt Sachs, Laurance P. Roberts, Walter T. Swingle, Stephen B. L. Penrose, Jr., John Gould Fletcher, William York Tindall, William Ernest Hocking, Oliver J. Caldwell, and Ananda K. Coomaraswamy are included. Pearl Buck contributes a conclusion.

LETTERS: FELIX MENDELSSOHN, edited by G. Selden-Goth (Pantheon). A selection of the musician's letters, in new or revised translations, which give, along with a rather vivid portrait of the author, a picture of the musical and cultural life of his period. Mrs. Selden-Goth has done an admirable job of editing and the publishers have done an admirable job of bookmaking. Probably imperative for anyone interested in Mendelssohn. Thirty-three illustrations.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

NONE SHALL KNOW, by Martha Albrand (Little, Brown). A short, not to say skimpy, thriller about the anti-Nazi activities of a young Swiss girl, who smuggles children out of Germany, and of her admirer, a Swiss reserve officer, who has the Gestapo on his trail because of the high calibre of his intelligence work. Both of them go through the requisite number of narrow squeaks, culminating in an episode which may seem highly fantastic. On the whole, this book looks like a hasty job.

SHORT SHRIFT, by Manning Long (Duell, Sloan & Pearce). Mrs. Liz Parrott, one of our glossy young amateur investigators, goes to Virginia to help a divorcée who suspects that her former in-laws are planning some skulduggery about a piece of property she owns. Three murders and other queer doings result from this expedition, and Liz, with the aid of the local arm of the law, manages to work things out very logically. Ably plotted, and interspersed with some deft kidding of old Southern customs.

CHICAGO MURDERS, edited by Sewell Peaslee Wright (Duell, Sloan & Pearce). The second volume in a "regional murder series." The accounts, all factual, of various types of slaughter on the shores of Lake Michigan are by Elizabeth Bullock, Nellise Child, Otto Eisenschiml, John Barlow Martin, Leroy F. McHugh, Craig Rice, and Vincent Starrett. They are, on the whole, a good deal livelier than the cases in the recent "New York Murders," which is the first of this series. Mr. Starrett's description of Dr. Neill Cream's Chicago career will be of particular interest to students of crime, who are all too familiar with that gentleman's later activities in London.

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[*Doris Blake in the News*]

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